

PATHS *in the* WILDERNESS

By C. E. SPARKS

JKM LIBRARY

BX8042.G4 S7

Sparks, Charles Elmer,

Paths in the wilderness : a story of Lut



3 9968 02644 1769

LIBRARY
OF THE
Theological Seminary
OF THE
Evangelical Lutheran Church
AT CHICAGO
Maywood, Illinois

Division BX8042

Class .G5

Shelf _____

Ac. Vol. ~~15583~~ 7261

M III 3

122444



EMBARKING FOR AMERICA

PATHS IN THE WILDERNESS

A Story of Lutheran Pioneers in
Georgia

By
Rev. C. E. Sparks

LIBRARY
CHICAGO LUTHERAN SEMINARY
MAYWOOD, ILLINOIS

Illustrated by Wm. S. Nortenheim

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE UNITED LUTHERAN PUBLICATION HOUSE

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY
THE BOARD OF PUBLICATION OF
THE UNITED LUTHERAN CHURCH IN AMERICA

LIBRARY
CHICAGO LUTHERAN SEMINARY
MAYWOOD, ILLINOIS



MADE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

INTRODUCTION

PATHS IN THE WILDERNESS is a story based upon a most interesting phase of the early history of America and of the Lutheran Church in America.

In this story historical characters figure, and distinctive church principles are taught. There is enough of fiction and of story interest in the pages to hold the attention of any person, young or old.

Originally published as a serial in the columns of "Lutheran Young Folks," the historical and teaching value of the story, as well as its genuine interest have suggested its addition in book form to the permanent literature of the Church. This is the explanation of the appearance of this volume.

An air of mystery surrounds much of the history of colonial days. There is an abundance of material which in the hands of the writer of fiction would prove the foundation of many interesting and instructive stories.

The Rev. C. E. Sparks has opened a new

path through which we believe others will travel in finding and presenting new themes and new stories which teach history and recall the spirit and the teachings of our Church.

We do not hesitate to commend this volume both to young and old and express the belief that it will prove the forerunner of a most valuable series of books of fiction based on events and facts of colonial days.

W. L. HUNTON.

BX8042
G4S7

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
HOME TIES	9
CHAPTER II.	
"DEEP CALLETH UNTO DEEP"	24
CHAPTER III.	
HOME FINDING	37
CHAPTER IV.	
THE TRACKLESS FOREST	51
CHAPTER V.	
FRIENDS NEW AND OLD	65
CHAPTER VI.	
THE GOVERNOR'S STRONG HAND	80
CHAPTER VII.	
DIPLOMACY AND INTRIGUE	94
CHAPTER VIII.	
COALS OF FIRE	107
CHAPTER IX	
THE LEADING OF GOD	120

CHAPTER X.

THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT	133
-------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XI.

A GREAT VICTORY	146
-----------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII.

HOME AGAIN	159
------------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS

EMBARKING FOR AMERICA.....	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
HAROLD CONFRONTING REDFIELD	49
LONG BOW TALKS WITH HAROLD	65
A SHARP SWISH AND CRY OF PAIN.....	97
THE NATIVES SITTING ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE IN SILENCE	120
HE LANDED UPON THE BACK OF THE SPY.....	146

Paths in the Wilderness

CHAPTER I

HOME TIES

It was a bleak November day in the year 1733 that a young man of, perhaps, eighteen or nineteen might have been seen walking aimlessly along the streets of that seaport city of England, Dover. His threadbare coat was buttoned closely about his neck, and his ragged cap pulled well down over his face in a vain effort to shut out the raw, chilling wind that smote him. Harold Milman was walking aimlessly because he did not know where to go or what to do.

He had just seen the doors of a debtors' prison close behind his father, and he did not yet have the heart to go back to his mother and sister in the poor little hovel from which he knew they would be ejected

in a few days. Sickness and debt, and then the inevitable debtors' prison for his father, to be followed now by the breaking up of their home, was the spirit-crushing burden that he was trying to bear.

"When do you suppose General Oglethorpe will return from America?"

Harold lifted his head and looked over his shoulder. Close behind him were two young men engaged in earnest conversation.

"In his letter he did not indicate when he would come home, but he asked me to be prepared to return to America with him as his secretary," was the reply to the question.

"That is a great scheme of Oglethorpe's to found a colony in the New World for the men in the debtors' prisons."

"Yes, it is a great thing to give such men a new chance in life."

Here was something that certainly interested Harold. He walked slowly on before the young men, with ears attentive to catch what further might be said.

"What does your brother John think of your going to the colony with Oglethorpe?"

"He thinks it is just the thing, and he is

planning to go too, and be a missionary to the Indians."

"Do you think that will break up our little society?"

"It ought not, and, besides, it is not likely that we will leave before some time next year."

"I hear that a party of Germans are to land here soon, who expect to go to Oglethorpe's colony. They are some Salzburgers whom the papists are driving out."

"It will not be long then before another ship will be sailing for America."

Harold straightened himself. A sudden plan flashed into his mind. Perhaps there would be an opportunity for his father to join this company of Germans with his family and make his way to the colony in the New World. What a great thing it would be to have an opportunity for a new start in life! At first he had not thought of himself, but as he began to build air castles his youthful love of adventure was kindled. As a boy he had often thought of the New World as he listened to the tales of that wonderful land, but he had never dared to hope that

some day he would be able to go there. Suddenly an impulse seized him, and, turning, he spoke to the young men.

"Pardon me, but I chanced to overhear you speaking of General Oglethorpe's colony in America. I would like to ask what are the necessary steps to secure the release of one from the debtors' prison in order to join the colony."

"Well, Charles," said one of the young men, turning to his companion, "you ought to be able to arrange that. You are in such close touch with the movement."

"I don't know that I can do anything myself," said the young man addressed as Charles, smiling kindly at Harold, "but I can introduce you to some of the trustees of the colony, who will be glad to do what they can."

"I would appreciate that," replied Harold eagerly. "Are any of them here in Dover?"

"Yes; they are making preparations now to receive the German Salzburgers, and if you have a little time to spare I will take you to them now."

"That will please me greatly, for I am anxious to act at once."

The three young men walked along briskly until they reached an office near the wharf. Here they turned in.

"Good morning, Mr. Wesley," greeted one of the men in the office as they entered, "I was just thinking of you. Have you reached a decision yet about the secretaryship of which General Oglethorpe wrote?"

"Yes, at least I think so. Brother John urges me to accept, and he wishes to accompany me as a missionary to the Indians."

After a little further conversation Charles Wesley (for it was he) introduced Harold and made known his errand. Harold explained how his father, on account of sickness, had contracted a debt for which he was now in prison. He expressed the desire that he might be released and the family allowed to accompany the Salzburgers to the new colony.

The trustee questioned Harold closely concerning all the circumstances. At last he gave the assurance that he thought the matter could be arranged. He then gave

Harold some instructions and dismissed him.

"I would like for you to meet my brother John," said Charles Wesley as they left the trustees' office. "He will doubtless be interested in you, since you are to go to America."

"I am quite sure I shall be glad to meet the brother of one who has proven to be such a friend in need," replied Harold.

A walk of several blocks brought the three young men to the lodging place of the Wesley brothers. As they entered the room Harold was immediately impressed with the seriousness of the demeanor of John Wesley. Yet there was something winning about his personality that strangely attracted him. His eyes flashed eagerly when Charles explained that Harold was planning to depart for America along with the company of Salzburgers who were soon expected to land at Dover.

"I had hoped to be in that company myself," he said, "but since Brother Charles will not go until General Oglethorpe makes his next trip I shall wait until then."

He explained his deep interest in an effort to carry the Gospel to the savages of Amer-

ica and his hope that many of them might be won to Christianity. From this the conversation turned to personal religious experience. This was a new theme for Harold. He had always held religion and the Church in reverence, but had thought little of his own personal relation to Jesus Christ. In spite of his indifference he found himself interested, and when he left there had been opened up before him new and wider fields for thought and meditation.

Harold now hastened home. He was eager to bear the news to his mother and sister, yet he had some misgivings as to how they would receive the plan to join the colony in the New World. The more he thought over the matter the more he hesitated to tell them this part of the plan. Still he realized that this was the only hope of freeing his father from the foul debtors' prison. His mother, he knew, had many ties to bind her to her old English home. Tender memories, friends and associates were all here. She was little fitted to endure the hardships of a pioneer's life. Before their present misfortunes had come upon them she had known many of

the refinements of life. All these things came to Harold's mind as he made his way homeward.

At last he reached the little hovel which was for the present their home. Both his mother and sister had plainly been weeping, but now had composed themselves. His mother smiled bravely as he entered.

"Mother," he began hesitatingly, "I have some strange things to tell you. I met two most peculiar men this morning. Their names were John and Charles Wesley."

"Oh, yes, they are those Methodists of whom I have heard so much lately. They have been making quite a stir in the old school at Oxford."

"Charles I met on the street. He was such a kind, friendly man. But John seems to be able to read your very heart. He said such strange things about religion. He seems so earnest and sincere, yet he is not satisfied with what he calls his personal experience."

"Yes, I have heard some very strange reports about their ways."

"But, mother, I am forgetting to tell you

the most important thing. Charles introduced me to one of the trustees of General Oglethorpe's colony, of which we have been hearing something. You know General Oglethorpe has founded a colony in the New World for the inmates of the debtors' prisons. A company of Germans are to sail for that colony soon, and he tells me that he believes that he can secure father's release if we will join the party and accompany them to America."

Mrs. Milman gasped and turned pale. At first Harold was not sure whether it was from consternation at the thought of facing the dangers and hardships of a life in the New World or at surprise at the opportunity of securing his father's release. However, she did not leave him long in doubt.

"Why, Harold," she sobbed when she had sufficiently recovered to be able to speak, "is there really a chance to get your father out of that foul prison? As weak as he is from his sickness he would surely die there. God hasn't forgotten us after all. We haven't been as true to Him as we should and we do not deserve His mercy. But God is

merciful, even to those who forget Him sometimes."

"O mother, do you really mean that we shall go to the colony in the New World?" exclaimed the girl, who had been eagerly listening to the conversation between her mother and brother.

"Yes, Agnes, when God so clearly shows His guiding hand I believe that we ought not to refuse to follow His leading."

"But, mother," broke in Harold, "have you thought of all that it means for you to go to that wilderness country with all of its hardships, dangers and trials? You are not strong, and have never been accustomed to such a life as that will be."

"Yes, my son, I know all of those things but all of us must be willing to sacrifice for father's sake.

Harold now told them of all the instructions which the trustee had given him, and they planned eagerly how they would join the company of Salzburgers when they should sail for America.

The next few weeks were busy ones for the Milman family. Through the influence of

the trustee Harold's father was released from the prison and allowed to assist the family in their preparations for the voyage. Harold also on several occasions met the Wesleys, who continued to manifest special interest in him. They also did a number of helpful things for the family. At each of their meetings John especially turned the conversation to religious topics. It was evident that he was intensely interested in the work of the Church of England as well as in his own personal spiritual condition.

Harold always repeated to his mother the things which the Wesleys said to him on religious subjects, and it was due to her clear explanations that he was able to grasp many of the rather abstruse matters which were discussed. Finally, after an especially earnest conversation, Harold urged the Wesleys to come to his home that his mother might discuss some of these matters with them. They accepted the invitation and the following day presented themselves at the Milmans' humble home.

The particular subject upon which the conversation chanced to turn was that of the

observance of the rites of the Church as a means of spiritual development. Both John and Charles Wesley considered the strict adherence to these as of the utmost importance.

"These," said John, "have been given us for spiritual comfort, and there is no better way to grow in grace than to follow them carefully."

Mrs. Milman had read a few years before Luther's treatise on "Christian Liberty," and now she began to quote from it. "Martin Luther says: 'Works, since they are irrational things, cannot glorify God; although they may be done to the glory of God, if faith be present.' All kinds of Church rites are works, which will in no way help our spiritual life unless we have true faith in Jesus Christ. Like Luther, I believe that the most important thing for spiritual growth is faith and trust in Jesus as our Saviour. If we do not have comfort and peace it is because faith is lacking."

"Yes, I know," replied Wesley, "we must have faith, and Luther has certainly done a most important work in emphasizing that

great truth. However, are not the rites and ordinances of the Church calculated to promote and inspire faith?"

"That is true," replied Mrs. Milman, "in just so far as these rites and ordinances teach the Word of God. Faith comes only through the Word."

Further discussion of the matter was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Milman, who announced that the Salzburgers were expected to land in Dover the next day. This meant that they must now hasten their preparations for the voyage.

As the Wesleys took their leave John turned to Harold. "I shall expect to meet you in the colony soon, and I hope to have your assistance in the work which I am planning. There surely must be a wide field to preach the Gospel to the natives in America. From what I can learn they need Christianity very much."

"I shall not forget either of you," replied Harold warmly. "You have been very kind to us here, and if I can return the favor when you reach America I shall certainly do so. I trust that we shall meet again."

When the next day dawned Harold was down at the wharf. In the growing light he could see the ship bearing the Salzburgers making its way into the harbor. It was several hours before the company had landed. The trustees of the Georgia colony cared for them as best they could and provided them with shelter until the ship which was to carry them to America should be made ready for the voyage. There were only a few English families besides the Milmans who were to go on the same ship, and Harold at once began to cultivate the acquaintance of these Germans. He undertook to teach some of them to speak English, while they in turn helped him to learn German.

The one thing that impressed Harold especially was the religious spirit and piety of these people. His association with the Wesleys had aroused his interest in religion, but he had never met any people who seemed to have such simple faith in God and trust in His guidance as these humble Salzburgers. When he began to become acquainted with the pastors of the company he recognized in them the fruits of the teachings of Martin

Luther, which his mother at every opportunity was so fond of quoting.

At last the day came when the voyage to America began. As the ship sailed out of the harbor Harold, with his father, mother and sister, stood on the deck with their eyes fixed upon the shores as they gradually faded from sight. Mrs. Milman turned away with tears in her eyes. "That is home yonder," she said, "but life and opportunity are toward the setting sun."

CHAPTER II

"DEEP CALLETH UNTO DEEP"

"See the path that the setting sun makes upon the waters," said Mr. Milman, as he pointed toward the west.

"Yes, that path leads into the golden future," replied his wife. "With God's help it will lead to health and prosperity."

"It is the path to the New World. It leads into mystery," said Agnes.

"Oh, no," said Harold, "it leads to opportunity. Can you not see the opportunities shining and glittering and leading us on? The New World is the land of opportunity."

"What different things different eyes see," said Pastor Boltzius, who chanced to overhear the comments of the Milman family. "How much we would miss in life if there was nothing more than what we ourselves see. How grateful we should be that others can point out what we miss."

The sun now sank below the horizon and

the captain advised the colonists to go to the cabin below. The first few days of the voyage were uneventful. Favorable winds carried the ship swiftly on its way. The Milman family became better acquainted with their fellow-voyagers as the days wore on. Mrs. Milman especially enjoyed the opportunity to discuss religious problems with Pastor Boltzius or Pastor Gronau. The simple faith and meekness of these humble exiles was an inspiration to her. She could not help comparing their religious life with the teachings of Luther as she had read them.

Harold soon became quite friendly with several young men of his own age. They delighted in making their plans for the life in the New World. They had plenty of time to give their imagination free rein and to build wonderful air castles. The mysteries of the trackless forests, the savage natives, the wild beasts gave plenty of material for dreams and fancies.

It was an afternoon in February that Harold and two of his companions were standing on the deck near the bow. They

never seemed to weary of watching the great expanse of the ocean with its gently rolling waves. The skies had been clear and the sea comparatively calm thus far on the voyage, and Harold had begun to lose some of the dread which had awed him when he listened to the tales of the terrible storms. He had almost begun to think that these accounts had been mere sailors' stories and not realities. As they stood gazing over the vast expanse one of the young men exclaimed, "Isn't that a peculiar cloud?" The other boys followed his gaze out toward the northwest. They could see the dark outline of a cloud just rising above the horizon. As they watched it with a strange fascination they saw apparently little parts of the cloud break away and fly scudding across the sky.

"Well, that is strange," said Harold. "I never saw anything like that. Say," he called to a sailor passing them, "do you often see clouds like that?"

The sailor paused and gazed a moment in the direction indicated. He did not answer Harold's question, but called excitedly to the officer who was on the bridge on duty at that

moment, “A squall is coming. See there!”

In a moment all was excitement. Sailors began furling the sails. The passengers were all ordered below the deck. Harold and his companions did not heed the command to go below at first, and in the hurry to put the ship in shape the officer did not notice them as they stood near the bow.

The skillful sailors worked rapidly and soon the ship was ready for the coming storm. Harold was watching the approaching clouds spellbound. There was a peculiar fascination in their changing forms as they billowed and rolled. A dark mist seemed to shut out the sea as the clouds moved down upon them. First a cold breath of air began to stir the rigging of the ship. Then there was a dash of rain. Suddenly a blast of wind smote the ship, causing it to careen. Then great waves began to dash. Harold found it impossible to keep his feet on the slippery deck, and soon he and his companions were struggling helplessly on their hands and knees.

It might have proved a serious matter for them had not a sailor spied them in their

predicament and with much scolding assisted them to get below.

Harold found his mother and father and Agnes greatly excited. Until they saw him they were sure that he had been dashed into the sea. His present safety, however, did not allay their fear of the storm. As the ship rolled and plunged they clung to each other, expecting the deep to swallow them at any moment. It seemed almost hours, but finally Harold became more accustomed to the rolling of the ship and began to look about him. He was at once struck by the calmness of his fellow-passengers. There seemed to be no fear of the storm among the Salzburgers.

"Why should we fear?" said one in answer to his inquiry. "God is on the sea as well as on the land. We have committed ourselves to His care. If it is His will to take us now we are prepared to go. He does all things well, and if we only trust Him all will come out right."

"Yes," said another, "'All things work together for good to them that love the Lord.' We have no reason to doubt that He

can make even the storm to bring us good."

"That is most certainly true," broke in still another, "but we must remember that the promise is to them that love the Lord. It is no wonder that the unbeliever should have fear and trembling at such a time as this. When one does not believe and trust God dangers may well be frightful."

"How true that is," said Mrs. Milman. "I fear that I have not been fully trusting God. Now it is all so clear and plain why you people do not have any fear or dread of storms and waves. You have certainly learned well the lessons taught by the beloved reformer Luther. It is, after all, a simple matter of faith."

"Come, brethren, let us sing a hymn." It was the sonorous voice of Pastor Boltzius that rose above the roar of the storm. Soon the deep German voices rose in a familiar tune and the words rang out like a shout of triumph:

"An exile poor, and nothing more,
This is my sole profession,
Banished from home, of God's pure Word
To make a clear confession.

O Jesus mine, I know full well
This is the way Thou wentest,
Thy steps we'll follow, dearest Lord,
And bear what Thou hast sent us."

Just as the hymn was finished there was a crash and water rushed into the cabin. Agnes screamed and clung to her mother. Harold looked about fearfully. The Salzburgers gave little heed to the catastrophe, but above it all could be heard the voice of Pastor Gronau raised in prayer. The Milmans were expecting the ship to sink with the next plunge, but they were reassured by the voice of a sailor telling them that the accident was simply one of the hatches giving way when a larger wave than usual had broken over the deck.

It was not long before the storm had spent its greatest fury, but it continued with diminishing force for several days. Through it all the Salzburgers maintained their cheerful spirits.

On the morning of the fourth day the sun rose clear and bright. Although the sea was still rough, the captain allowed Harold and several other young men to go on deck.

It was a new aspect of the sea that greeted their eyes. The great waves still caused the ship to roll, but during the storm they had learned how better to keep their footing. Some of the sails were now set and the ship was making good progress on its westward voyage. The rising sun sent its glittering rays over the rolling waves, which seemed to reveal the sea in all of its majesty and power.

"The sea is great. It fascinates me," said Harold to one of his companions.

"Yes, the sea is powerful. Nothing can stand before it. Yet God holds it subject to His will."

"Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of his waterspouts; all thy waves and thy billows have gone over me. Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and the prayer unto the God of my life."

Harold turned. It was Pastor Boltzium who was standing beside them. He also was looking out over the sea with its great rolling billows. "Pastor, how is it that you always have such confident trust that you are

never afraid in any danger on sea or land?"

Boltzius looked at Harold kindly. "When we have done all that we are able to do for our own safety, is there anything more that we can do?"

"No; certainly not."

"If we have done all that we can for ourselves what is there left for us to do but to trust in God?"

"That is true, but will that keep the storm from sinking the ship?"

"That may not keep the storm from sinking the ship, but do you not believe that God is perfectly good?"

"Yes, surely God is good, but we know that storms do destroy ships and drown people."

"If God is good and He is able to make all things work together for good to them that love Him, do you not believe that if He allows your life to be taken that He is able to give you eternal life in heaven? Is not eternal life worth more than this mortal life?"

"Yes, I suppose that is true, but I had never thought of it in that way. We always

wish to cling to this life and are willing to sacrifice almost anything to preserve it."

"It is all in having perfect love and trust. If we love God we have His promise and we know that His promises are sure. We know that He will always do what is best for us."

"Yes, I see it is that same faith of which mother has been telling me so much recently."

"Yes, my son, it is simple faith."

At this point their conversation was interrupted by a number of Salzburgers coming forward. One of them was evidently spokesman for the others, for he stepped forward and addressed Boltzius.

"Pastor, a number of us have been talking over our affairs this morning. We feel that our colony should have someone who can be our business representative. Most of us are little experienced in business matters. You have proven such a good spiritual guide that we believe that you are the best one to be our leader in business matters. We can at least trust you to deal honestly with us."

Boltzius did not reply at first, but turned and gazed intently for a few moments out over the sea. Then he murmured to himself: "Thy ways, O God, are myterious and past finding out. Into Thy hands I have put my life. Do with me as Thou seest fit." Then he turned to the simple Salzburgers. "Brethren, it is a vast responsibility that you have placed upon me, as well as a remarkable compliment which you have paid me. With God's help I will do the best I can."

The men thanked him and with an air of confidence walked away.

As the days now passed the sailors began to assure the passengers that they were approaching the end of their voyage. All were eager to reach the New World, which they hoped would be the land of peace for them. As they thought of the many trials which they had endured they looked forward with keen anticipation to the new life which was now before them.

Most of the colonists now spent the greater part of the day on deck. The sea was comparatively calm again and gentle breezes bore the ship steadily forward. It was a day in

March, in the evening, when all but a few young men had gone below. Harold stood gazing, as was his wont, out over the waves. His face was turned westward and he was thinking of what the future had in store. Instinctively his mind turned to that promise of the Word which he had heard quoted so often during the voyage. “All things work together for good to them that love the Lord,” he murmured to himself. “Surely it must be true. Things have been working together for good to us. I haven’t loved the Lord as I should, but God has doubtless been merciful to us for mother’s sake.”

“See that cloud!” exclaimed one of Harold’s companions excitedly, pointing out across the sea. “Does that mean another storm?”

Harold looked where his companion was pointing, but in the gathering darkness could not see very distinctly. He hailed one of the passing sailors and called his attention to it. The sailor looked at it intently and then quickly climbed into the rigging to gain a better view.

“Land!” he shouted, “Land!”

In a moment the whole ship was in commotion. The sailors rushed eagerly to gain a view. The colonists came hurrying on deck. Soon, however, the gathering darkness shut out the welcome sight. Reluctantly they went below again. It was late, however, before any of them went to sleep, so great was the excitement over the near approach of the end of their voyage. At last all became quiet and even Harold fell asleep.

The sun was shining brightly when he awoke the next morning. He hurried on deck. At once he discovered that the ship was entering a harbor. They were making slow progress as the wind was light. In the distance Harold could see a cluster of buildings on a point of land that seemed to jut out into the water.

A sailor standing by observed Harold intently gazing at the settlement. "That is Charleston," he said, "our first landing place in the New World."

CHAPTER III

HOME FINDING

"Welcome to the New World."

Harold had been watching so intently the sailors as they were making the landing that he had not noticed a stranger who had come on board and was now addressing Pastor Boltzius. As he turned and saw this man with a military bearing grasping the hand of Pastor Boltzius he instinctively knew that this was no other than General Oglethorpe.

"It will not take many days to reach the colony at Savannah," he continued. "The ship has cargo to discharge here, and then we will proceed down the coast."

General Oglethorpe was true to his word, for five days later the colonists found themselves comfortably camped in tents on a bluff overlooking the Savannah River, where they were to remain until the permanent location for the settlement should be decided upon. This was a matter for which only a few days

were required. The grateful Salzburgers were not hard to satisfy and Boltzcius and Oglethorpe quickly came to an agreement. Twenty-five miles up the river it was decided to found a settlement to be known as New Ebenezer. Hither they prepared to take their journey.

The time had now come for the Milmans to decide whether they would remain with the Salzburgers or join the English colony at Savannah. During the voyage they had formed many warm friendships among their fellow-passengers and they all urged the English family to remain with them. Pastor Boltzcius especially insisted that he desired to have them as members of his flock. However, on account of the fact that they had always been accustomed to English customs, they decided that it would be better to remain in Savannah.

"If you decide to join us later we shall be glad to welcome you," said Pastor Boltzcius, as the Milmans bade the Salzburgers farewell. The latter now took up their journey into the wilderness.

The same provision had been made for the Milmans as had been made for the other members of the party which had come over at the same time, so they were now ready to begin life anew. They continued to live in their tent until they could make provision for a permanent habitation.

Harold and his father at once proceeded to make themselves better acquainted with the settlement in which they found themselves. The older settlers welcomed them most cordially and wished to spend many hours talking about affairs in the home land.

Mr. Milman, realizing that the season was already far advanced, immediately began casting about for a tract of land upon which to build his house. There were a number to choose from, and it was not difficult to find an attractive location overlooking the river. They moved the tent to this location and began preparing the ground for planting. It was their purpose to occupy the tent until the planting had been made, and then give their time to the building of a permanent house. Mr. Milman had been gaining strength rapidly and he and Harold found

it a pleasant occupation to prepare the soil, even though the labor was exacting. When night would come they were glad for the opportunity for refreshing rest. Each day was one of new revelations to Harold. He had engaged in many day dreams concerning this New World while they had been making preparation for the voyage, but he found it necessary to reconstruct his conceptions very materially.

After locating the Salzburgers at Ebenezer, Oglethorpe returned to Savannah and prepared to make a trip to England. It was his purpose to gather a new company of colonists. He had been so favorably impressed with the thrift and industry of the Salzburgers that he determined to secure more of them if possible.

Oglethorpe had been absent on his voyage to England several days when the Milmans received a call from one of the older colonists. Already Harold had observed that very few of their neighbors showed any great amount of industry. They were allowing the time for planting crops to go by unimproved. They seemed to spend most of their

time in idleness or wandering about in the surrounding forest.

"Good evening," greeted their caller as he seated himself on the log where he found them resting. The tent had been pitched in the shade of a large pine tree. "You people are working pretty hard, it seems to me."

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Milman, "but that is what we expected when we came. One cannot get on in a new country without work."

"I am not going to kill myself at work in this blazing sun. We might as well have stayed in England if we have to do that."

"Oh, I guess it does us good to work," broke in Harold. "For my part I am thankful for an opportunity to make a living."

"I don't call this country much of an opportunity. It is too hot here for a white man to work, and Oglethorpe won't allow us to have any Negro slaves. Up in Carolina they have Negroes to do the work, but down here Oglethorpe expects us to swelter and die. He even goes so far as to take all of the pleasure out of life by forbidding us to have any rum."

"Do you think it right to make slaves of the Negroes?" asked Mrs. Milman, who had come to the tent door to listen to the conversation.

"What else do you think they are for? The Lord must have made them for a purpose, and, if it isn't to work, what is it?"

"Surely you do not think that the Lord approves of going over to Africa and bringing those people here just to be slaves? Surely they have souls even if they do have black skins."

"White men can't work in this country, and if the Lord wants the work done He must have intended that the Negroes do it."

"Oh, I guess white men can work in this country if they want to very bad," said Harold, who was getting thoroughly disgusted with their caller. "We have been working and are still alive and are feeling better every day."

"You will be wiser after you have been here as long as I have," replied the visitor, assuming an air of superior knowledge and experience. "What I came over for was to tell you that we older colonists have made

up our minds not to submit any longer to some of the foolish rules of Oglethorpe. We don't propose to kill ourselves working. Oglethorpe brought us to this God-forsaken country and now he can take care of us."

"You can do as you please," retorted Harold somewhat hotly. "We came here to work and not to loaf."

"Very well, do as you like. You can make fools of yourselves if you want to, but I advise you to join in with the rest of us, who are going to make a stand for our rights." The caller then languidly arose and strolled away.

"Well, what do you think of that?" exclaimed Harold as their visitor disappeared. "Such people as that do not deserve to have a chance in the world."

"I have been observing for several days," said Mr. Milman, "that most of the people in this settlement are shiftless and indolent. Evidently they would not work when they were back in England and they won't work now."

"No, I haven't been very well pleased with the character of our neighbors either," said

Mrs. Milman. "They all seem so careless."

The next day, Harold, who had gone on an errand to the store returned in a state of perplexity: "Father, I don't understand what is the matter. None of the men whom I met would speak to me."

"Is that true? Well, I suppose it means that they are going to ostracize us because we will not join them in their movement against Oglethorpe. If he were here they wouldn't dare to take the stand they do. They realize that if we continue to be industrious it will disprove their contention that white men can't work in this climate. They want to compel us to join them."

"I wish we had gone with the Salzburgers," said Agnes. They were so kind to us, and I am sure they are not so discontented and lazy as these people."

"Father, why can't we go up to their settlement yet?" exclaimed Harold. "You know Pastor Boltzius invited us to join them any time."

Mr. Milman looked out over the tract of land upon which they had been working so diligently. Already there was a marked con-

trast between their tract and those of most of the other settlers, who were too indolent to care for their land or cultivate it. "I hate to allow all of this work to go for nothing," he slowly answered, "yet I know there will not be much satisfaction in trying to live among these shiftless people."

"Let us think it over and pray for God's guidance," said Mrs. Milman. "He will make all things work together for good."

The subject was dropped for the time. Instead of continuing the work, Mr. Milman spent the remainder of the day making some quiet investigations among the settlers. The matter was not brought up again until the next morning. Then, after careful and thorough consideration, it was decided to move from the Savannah settlement to Ebenezer. Harold was to make a trip to consult with Pastor Boltzius and to secure a location. A trip of twenty-five miles through the forest was not a very attractive prospect, but still the spirit of adventure lured him on.

Harold spent the next day making preparation for the journey. He provided himself with the things he considered necessary

for the trip, made a neat bundle of them and was ready to set out in the morning.

Harold rose early, bound his pack upon his back and set out along the trail which had been made when the Salzburgers had made their journey. He had turned to wave a farewell when about to get beyond sight of the tent, but had not gone much further when he found himself face to face with the visitor of a few days before.

"Hello," he greeted, "so you have decided that it is not best to work so hard after all, I see. Where are you bound so early?"

The very sight of the man aroused Harold's resentment. As he looked into his eyes he saw an expression of sly cunning that seemed to warn him to take care. He had seen very little of the man since landing, but knew that he went by the name of Bill Redfield. His first impulse was to tell the fellow to attend to his own business if he had any. However, his better judgment told him not to manifest his resentment openly. After a moment's hesitation he replied, "I am just taking a little trip up the river."

"What do you know about the country up the river?" There was a tone of insolence in his voice.

"I don't know anything yet," replied Harold calmly. "I am just trying to find out something."

Redfield looked him over shrewdly. "Well, you had better be careful that the Indians do not get you."

"I guess the Indians are not very dangerous," replied Harold, as he passed on.

He glanced over his shoulder after he had gone a short distance, and was somewhat startled to catch a glimpse of Redfield disappearing in the underbrush beside the trail. Why should he be doing that, wondered Harold. What could be his purpose?

Harold tramped steadily on. Sometimes the trail led along the banks of the river, where he had a clear view of the stream. At other times it left the river and led through dense growths of pine trees. Much of the way the trail was rough and the walking tiresome. The sun had just about reached the zenith and Harold's stomach also told him that it was approaching the time for the

mid-day meal when he found his way barred by a rather large stream. It was evident that there was a ford at this place, but the stream was now much swollen by recent rains. He sounded the stream with his staff and was soon convinced that it would be a dangerous matter to attempt to cross by fording. He looked about for a few moments, but as he saw no immediate way of solving the difficulty he decided to eat his lunch before attempting the crossing.

He took the pack from his back and opened his lunch and proceeded to refresh himself. After he had eaten his lunch he realized that the half day of steady walking had tired him, so he sat resting with his back against a pine tree. Before he realized it he had almost fallen asleep. Suddenly he started up, wide awake. What had awakened him he did not know, but he had that mysterious feeling that sometimes tells a person that a human presence is near. After the first start he sat still, listening. All was quiet but the rustle of the breeze among the trees or the occasional chirp of a bird. Still he felt that peculiar sensation of being watched.



HAROLD CONFRONTING REDFIELD

Who was it? There came to his mind Redfield's sarcastic warning about Indians. Still he knew that the Indians were all friendly to the settlers. He knew that the head chief of this region had accompanied Oglethorpe on his voyage to England and that no hostility had ever been shown. With these thoughts he dismissed all fear of Indians. As he sat listening there came the sound of a cracking twig from the underbrush. Quick as a flash he sprang to his feet and rushed into the thicket from which the sound came. As he broke through the bushes there was a scramble and the figure of a man started to run, but tripping over a trailing vine he fell sprawling. The figure scrambled to its feet again, but Harold with a bound stood confronting Bill Redfield.

The first expression of fear on the face of the man soon gave place to one of cunning defiance. For a moment the two stood regarding each other in silence. It was an awkward situation, but Redfield was the first to speak.

"Well, what do you want?"

"That is just what I would like to know

from you," replied Harold, his anger rising. "What business have you following me?"

"Oh, I guess I have as much right in this country as you have, and if my business takes me in the same direction as you are going, what concern is it of yours?" was the insolent rejoinder.

"Well, then, why don't you come out in the open like an honest man, instead of hiding and trying to run away like a thief?"

"Oh, you needn't begin to preach about honesty. I guess your dad was in jail as well as some of the rest of us," was the taunting slur.

Harold could restrain himself no longer, and with a bound threw himself upon the man before him.

CHAPTER IV

THE TRACKLESS FOREST

The struggle was a short one. Redfield was taken off his guard by the suddenness of Harold's onslaught. He was quickly borne to the ground, and with Harold's knee upon his chest was soon begging for mercy.

"Well, you may go on about your business, but, mind you, keep your hands off my affairs hereafter," was Harold's admonition as he released the scoundrel, who at once slunk away.

Harold now turned his attention to devising means for crossing the stream. As he looked about, he spied, some distance up stream, a large tree that apparently overhung the creek. After some difficulty he made his way through the undergrowth and reached it. He discovered that by ascending this tree and climbing out upon one of the large branches he could drop safely to the opposite bank. The execution of this plan

was the matter of only a few minutes.

Soon Harold found himself in difficulty. The trail which he had been following had not been a very distinct one. He was not accustomed to making his way through forests, and consequently it was not surprising that, laboring under the excitement of his recent clash with Redfield, he should be somewhat bewildered when he tried to take up the trail again. It was some time before he would acknowledge to himself that he was lost. He had gotten away from the stream in his effort to locate the trail. When he finally realized that he was lost he was at first seized by a panic and began to rush aimlessly hither and thither. The more he rushed about, the more bewildered he became. Finally, out of breath from his fruitless efforts, he sat down upon a fallen tree trunk to rest. As he sat here he began to regain his composure. With a mighty effort he compelled himself to think clearly. He made up his mind that the only way was to go back to the place where he had crossed the stream and get his bearings from that point. When he started up to carry out this

plan he realized that he had absolutely no idea in which direction the stream lay. Again he sat down to think. A ray of sunlight sifting through the trees fell at his feet. He glanced up. He saw that the sun was sinking near the horizon. "Surely," he said to himself, "the sun does not set in the north in this country. If the sun sets in the west, then that must be west," he thought, though he would have declared that it was north. "I have crossed that stream, so I must be west of it. Therefore the stream must be east of me and the Savannah River north." Then he remembered that he had heard that a person who was lost traveled in a circle. "Now, if I am to get back to that stream I must be careful and not travel in a circle. If I set out and keep the sun at my back I will keep going east and I shall come to the stream."

At once he set out, taking care to keep the sun at his back. His progress was slow and at last it began to grow dark. He realized that he must now make camp and wait until morning.

Harold was thankful that he had brought

the necessary things in his pack for camping and was so well prepared. Because of this wise provision he was able to pass the night comfortably. The fire which he kindled gave him a sense of security and safety from any prowling beasts which might be in the neighborhood. When the light of the rising sun awakened him the next morning he felt refreshed and his brain was clear. He thought out his plan of action carefully. He would travel toward the rising sun until he reached the stream which had caused his difficulties. Then he would follow its course toward the Savannah River. If he were not able to find the trail which he had lost he would proceed on until he reached the river. He was confident that if he followed the course of the river he would at last reach the settlement of the Salzburgers.

Having made his plans he ate his breakfast with a new relish. He was just finishing his meal when he heard a rustling in the undergrowth and the next moment an Indian appeared coming toward him. The Indian held out his hand with a friendly gesture, repeating "How, how." Harold realized

that this was his visitor's attempt to give an English greeting, but this was evidently the only English word he had learned. However, he began making signs which Harold interpreted to be an inquiry of how he came to be there. After numerous attempts at sign making he finally seemed to make the Indian understand that he was on his way from Savannah to the settlement up the river, but had been lost. The Indian also made him understand that he had discovered him from the fire which he had built. The Indian offered his hand as a token of friendship and motioned him to follow.

As his self-appointed guide glided noiselessly through the forest, Harold followed. He watched him carefully and soon began to learn how he, too, could make his way without noise. Harold trusted his new friend fully and felt confident that he would reach Ebenezer in good time.

They had gone some distance when the Indian stopped and pointed to a trail through the forest and by signs explained that it was the one leading to the settlement. Harold realized that had he been alone he would

scarcely have recognized it as the one which he had lost. They now followed the trail instead of making their way through the undergrowth, and consequently their progress was much more rapid. The native led the way in silence. Occasionally he would by signs call Harold's attention to something along the way, but seemed intent on making as rapid progress as possible.

They were evidently approaching the settlement and Harold was experiencing a sense of relief at coming to the end of his journey. Suddenly the guide stopped, and with a sign for silence, stepped into the undergrowth beside the trail. Without hesitation Harold followed the example of his companion and concealed himself. In a few moments he heard the footsteps of someone coming. Peering through the bushes he was surprised to see the form of Bill Redfield coming from the direction of Ebenezer.

Harold and his companion waited quietly until Redfield had passed by. What Redfield could have been doing at Ebenezer was a mystery. Then the thought came to him that the scoundrel had been attempting to

follow him again. He evidently surmised that Harold was on his way to Ebenezer and for some reason wanted to discover what his visit meant. On account of Harold's losing his way Redfield had also lost track of him. "Perhaps it wasn't such a great misfortune after all, to get lost," thought Harold to himself. "If that was the means of throwing that fellow off my trail the delay has been worth while."

When the sound of Redfield's footsteps died away in the distance the native motioned to Harold and they continued their journey. It was still an hour or more till sunset when they came in sight of the settlement. The Indian pointed to the buildings and tents and prepared to leave. Harold—by signs—endeavored to express his gratitude to the native, who merely shook hands as he departed.

It did not take Harold long to find Pastor Boltzius. At once he told him his errand. He related the experiences which they had at Savannah and how the shiftlessness and indolence of the colonists there made their stay unpleasant. He also gave a detailed

account of the part played by Bill Redfield.

"Redfield?" asked Boltzius. "I wonder if that was the fellow who was here this morning."

"Yes, no doubt, for we saw him on the trail just before we reached the settlement."

"We?" questioned Boltzius. "I thought you were alone."

Harold then related his experience in getting lost and the assistance given him by the Indian.

You were fortunate to find so good a friend. The natives here are indeed good people, if they only knew Christ. We must try to teach them the Word of God."

"But what was Redfield doing here?"

"Oh, he was trying to persuade us that we ought to have Negro slaves. He says the white men cannot stand the labor in this climate and that if we expect to succeed we must do as they do in Carolina and Virginia, have Negroes do the work. He believes that if we all insist, Oglethorpe will yield and grant the privilege of having slaves."

"What do you think of his ideas?" asked

Harold, who was beginning to understand something of the activities of Redfield.

"I don't agree with him at all. I believe that white men can labor here if they will only take care of themselves. Then, too, I do not believe that it is the Christian spirit to make slaves of our fellow-men."

"That is just what I think, and father and mother feel the same way about it. We felt sure that you would not approve of such notions. That is the principal reason why we want to join this settlement."

"We shall surely be glad to have you. We will welcome you to our midst. When you make the trip I would advise that you come by boat, as that will be the easiest way to transport your goods."

Harold spent the night at Ebenezer and set out again for home. He experienced no difficulty in keeping the trail on the homeward trip. The water in the swollen stream which had caused his difficulties on his first journey had subsided so that he had no difficulty in crossing at the ford.

When he reached home and gave an account of his experiences, his father, mother

and Agnes were greatly interested, especially when he told of his clash with Redfield.

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. Milman. "Redfield seems to have great influence with the colonists here and I am afraid he will use that influence to make it unpleasant for us."

"I believe that I know what is Redfield's purpose," said Harold. "I believe that he is planning to engage in the slave trade in some way and he wants to introduce slaves into this colony."

"Yes, I think, too, that is his purpose," said Mrs. Milman. "Evidently he will not like us because we do not believe in slavery."

"I hope that General Oglethorpe will not let him have his way," said Agnes. "If he were here I do not believe that Redfield would dare to do some of the things that he does."

"Yes," it is unfortunate that the General should be away just now," replied her father. "So many of these people are easily influenced and they are only too ready to fall in with anything that promises to relieve them of the necessity of working."

"I am glad that we can go to Ebenezer,"

said Mrs. Milman. "I believe that we shall find things more congenial there. I wish now that we had gone with them at first."

"Yes, I didn't realize the character of the people we should find here. Still I might have known if I had stopped to think that they are made up of people taken out of prison. We might expect most of them to be shiftless and improvident. The Salzburgers seem so different. I heard General Oglethorpe say that he hoped he could get many more like them."

"They don't believe in slavery," said Harold. "Pastor Boltzius says that it is not according to the spirit of Christ to make slaves of our fellow-men."

"I was sure that he would take that view," said his mother. "Pastor Boltzius seems to be such a sincere Christian. I have missed his uplifting Christian exhortations so much since he left."

The Milmans made their preparations for departure quietly. They did not wish Bill Redfield to discover their plans any sooner than necessary. They well realized that he was capable of going to any length to cause

them inconvenience. The night before they were ready to start Mr. Milman hired a boat from one of the officers of the colony, but did not tell him for what purpose it was to be used.

It was not a large task to load their few belongings on the boat the next morning and set out upon the trip up stream. It was hard work to row against the current, but Mr. Milman and Harold were well fitted for the task. They realized that it would take more than one day to reach Ebenezer and they had planned to tie up the boat and camp at night on the bank.

They had just gotten well under way when the form of Bill Redfield appeared on the shore. He stood gazing after them for some time.

"Well, I wonder what he thinks now," said Harold, as he watched the fellow gazing after them. "I suspect he is wondering where we are going and planning how he can make trouble for us. I am glad he does not have any influence at Ebenezer.

The whole family enjoyed the trip up the river. Even Mr. Milman and Harold, in

spite of the work of rowing, enjoyed the beauties of the shores on either hand. The stately pine trees that crowned the bluffs, the majestic live oaks with their branches clothed in moss, the tangled mass of vines and undergrowth, with the birds flitting here and there, combined to make the scene one of wild abandoned beauty.

As the sun began to sink toward the horizon the voyagers began to cast about for a place to camp. At last they spied a little cove where there was a small open space on the bank. Here they tied their boat to a small tree and prepared to make themselves comfortable. A fire was built, the evening meal prepared and the tent set up.

When the time came to go to sleep for the night Harold decided that he would sleep in the boat, while the others occupied the tent. Wearied with the labors of the day, all were soon soundly sleeping. They had left a fire burning to keep away any prowling beasts, so all felt a sense of security. All were happy that they would soon be among congenial friends and would be free from the irritations and annoyances which had made

their stay in Savannah so very uncomfortable.

Harold did not know how long he had been sleeping when he suddenly awakened with a start. The boat had received a jar, and as he lay quiet he could feel it apparently striking against some object. At first his mind was not clear enough to realize just where he was, but in a moment he remembered that the boat had been tied to a tree and he could not think of any object against which it could be striking. He sat up. It was a clear, starlight night, and in a moment he was aware that the shore was some distance away. He looked about for the camp fire, but it was nowhere in sight. The boat was adrift and going down stream. He looked about again and discovered that the object against which the boat had struck was the trunk of a tree, which was drifting down stream also. How could this have happened? Harold knew that he had tied the boat securely. He reached over the bow and drew in the rope which had fastened the boat but was now trailing in the water. In a moment he discovered that it had been cut.



LONG BOW TALKS WITH HAROLD

CHAPTER V

FRIENDS NEW AND OLD

Harold's mind now began to work rapidly. In a moment all was clear to him. Bill Redfield had evidently followed them on shore, and when he thought they were all sound asleep in the tent had set their boat adrift. It was evident that his vindictiveness knew no bounds. Doubtless, too, it was his purpose to secure the boat next morning and appropriate the contents for himself.

"Well, it is fortunate," said Harold to himself, "that I slept in the boat this time."

Just how long the boat had been adrift, or how far he was below the camping-place, he did not know. However, he realized that it would be best not to lose more time. Consequently he put out the oars and began to row back up stream.

It was becoming light and the others had just awakened when he came in sight of the camp. He found that they had been very

much alarmed when the absence of the boat was discovered, but their relief was quite evident at seeing him coming up stream again.

"Who do you suppose could have done that?" asked Mr. Milman, when Harold showed him how the rope had been cut.

"Redfield, of course," replied Harold, "or someone that did it for him. You know he will do anything to injure us."

The remainder of the journey to Ebenezer was uneventful. The simple-hearted Salzburgers welcomed their friends most hospitably. The many neighborly acts of helpfulness which they rendered enabled the Milmans to become comfortably settled in a short time. The contrast which they noted between this colony and the one at Savannah was quite striking. Thrift and industry were apparent on every hand, and the atmosphere of the community was most congenial. The settlers made everything revolve about their religious life. The church was the center of the community and all were most faithful and loyal in their worship.

The months passed rapidly for the Milmans. The clearing and cultivating of their

land kept them busy. Occasionally some of the Salzburgers would make a trip down to Savannah, but they always brought back news of the dissatisfaction which prevailed there. Very few of the settlers would do any work, and they were continually complaining because they were not allowed to have slaves, as they did in Virginia and Carolina. Then, too, they were making efforts to smuggle in rum, which Oglethorpe had forbidden the colony. Occasionally some trader would bring in a supply of liquor, and then there would be a drunken carousal among the settlers.

"I am certainly glad we came here," said Agnes one day, after hearing one of these reports from Savannah.

"Perhaps things will be different when General Oglethorpe gets back," said Mrs. Milman.

"It is time for him to make haste if he expects the Savannah settlement to amount to anything," answered the husband.

In spite of the discontent of the people of Savannah and the many plots formed by certain individuals, the colony at Ebenezer con-

tinued to prosper. The Salzburgers did not allow the happenings at the older settlement to disturb their tranquility, but they pursued the even tenor of their way, carefully cultivating and improving their farms.

* * * * *

More than a year had passed since the Milmans had joined the colony at Ebenezer. Several times the Indian who had befriended Harold had appeared at the settlement. He came for the purpose of trading with the settlers, and on each occasion he seemed pleased to meet Harold. He soon learned to converse with him in broken English. He went by the name of Long Bow, because of his skill with the native weapon.

One day Long Bow, who had been to Savannah on a trading trip, brought the news that General Oglethorpe was soon expected.

"Many palefaces come with him," said Long Bow to Harold. "That make much trade for me."

The Indians were always anxious to dispose of their furs for the goods which the settlers had to give in exchange, and many of them would come long distances to reach

the settlements. Harold was rapidly forming the acquaintance of the Indians and was establishing a profitable business trading with them. Pastor Boltzius was making an effort to teach the natives who came to the settlement some of the fundamentals of religion, even though the care of his own flock took the greater portion of his time.

One day a visitor from Savannah brought the word that General Oglethorpe was expected within a few days. Harold decided that he would go down to Savannah to meet the company. He recalled that the Wesleys expected to be with the General at this time. He remembered the enthusiasm with which John Wesley looked forward to the opportunity to do missionary work among the natives. Harold felt sure that he would be able to be of substantial assistance to him in this undertaking, on account of his acquaintance among the Indians.

The next day Harold set out for Savannah. He made the trip down the river in a canoe. He had not seen Bill Redfield since moving from Savannah to Ebenezer, but he had frequently heard of his activities in stir-

ring up discontent among the colonists. It was also a matter of common report that he was engaged in smuggling rum. It was, therefore, a surprise to Harold, when he landed at Savannah, to come face to face with this individual. In the two years of pioneer life Harold had grown broad-shouldered and strong, so that Bill Redfield, although he still held an old grudge, did not deem it wise to shown open hostility, but rather to manifest a semblance of friendship.

"Hello," he greeted, "haven't seen you for a long time. How is everything over at Ebenezer?"

Harold met his advances cautiously, but without a show of resentment. He did not care to antagonize this leader among a certain class of Savannah settlers, but at the same time he could not help having a feeling of suspicion. He answered the greeting civilly, but his thought was that the fellow would bear watching.

The greater part of the population of Savannah was at the river bank, for a short time before a ship had been sighted entering the river mouth, and everyone believed it to

be the one bearing General Oglethorpe and the new colonists. Harold waited in the crowd until the ship made the landing, and it soon became apparent that the surmise had been correct. General Oglethorpe and the Wesleys were among the first to come ashore. The Wesleys were very much pleased to meet Harold again, though they did not at first recognize him on account of the change that two years of pioneer life had made in his appearance.

"What do you think of the opportunity for missionary work?" asked John, after the excitement of the landing was over.

"To my mind it is most excellent," replied Harold. "Pastor Boltzius has already been doing some of that kind of work, but he does not have much time to give to it."

The company with General Oglethorpe were principally Salzburgers, so he planned to take them at once to the colony at Ebenezer. After some discussion with Harold, John Wesley also decided to visit Ebenezer, as he felt sure that this would be the best starting-point for his missionary enterprise.

A few days later found John Wesley at

Ebenezer. He consulted Pastor Boltzius concerning his undertaking, and also, through the friendship of Harold, had the opportunity of meeting Long Bow. The native was quite reserved in the presence of this stranger paleface, and became stolidly silent when he attempted to discuss religious matters. Long Bow was interested in trading, but cared very little about religion. He had formed an attachment for Harold, because he had found him strictly honest in all of his dealings and because there was a personal sympathy between them. Long Bow was ready to trade with anyone, but he was not ready to give enough of his confidence to strangers to discuss religion with them. He was perfectly willing to show reverence toward the white man's worship, but he was not ready to follow that worship himself.

Wesley remained at Ebenezer for a number of days. On Sunday he worshipped with the colonists. After service he and Harold tarried for a conversation with Pastor Boltzius.

After discussing the outlook for missionary work among the Indians, in which Pas-

tor Boltzcius was quite as much interested as Wesley, the conversation turned to theological matters. Wesley at this time held the views of the extreme High Church party among the Anglicans, and consequently there was some difference of opinion between the two men. However, both possessed a sweet Christian spirit, and neither allowed any touch of bitterness to enter into the discussion. In fact, a firm friendship sprang up between them, which lasted through their whole life. Finally the subject of the apostolic succession was mentioned.

"What do you mean by apostolic succession?" broke in Harold. The matters under discussion were of a theological character with which he was not familiar and he wished to learn more of them.

Boltzcius turned to Wesley to give the reply, who answered: "The apostolic succession means that each minister is ordained by a bishop, who in turn has been ordained by another bishop, and thus a succession is traced back from one bishop to another to the first ordination by the apostles. The validity of ordination, then, depends

upon being able to trace this apostolic succession. The proper administration of the sacraments also depends upon the validity of ordination."

"I understand now," said Harold, "but what does Luther say about that?"

"Luther, you remember, taught the universal priesthood of believers, and we Lutherans do not recognize the necessity of the apostolic succession," replied Boltzius.

"What do you mean by the universal priesthood of believers?" asked Harold. He was deeply interested and was improving the opportunity to learn more about some of these questions.

"The universal priesthood of believers is that doctrine of the Scriptures taught by Luther, which teaches that every believer in Jesus Christ has the privilege of direct communion with Christ, without having to depend upon the mediation of some specially appointed priest. Consequently we do not hold our pastors to be priests, but simply ministers set apart for special service."

"That certainly appears reasonable to me," replied Harold. "We certainly ought

to be able to pray directly to God, without having to ask someone to speak to Him for us."

"It isn't so much a matter of what appears reasonable, as of what the Word of God teaches," continued Boltzius. We must remember that the Word of God is the only infallible rule of faith and practice. We must accept what the Word of God says, whether we can understand it or not. Our great effort should be to interpret correctly the Scriptures."

"Yes, I recognize that fact," said Wesley, "but isn't it also true that the Church is a divine institution founded by Christ Himself, and that its ordinances deserve respect and reverence?"

"Most certainly," replied Boltzius, "but it is the Word of God which prescribes what are the legitimate functions and ordinances of the Church. The Church is what Jesus, through the Word, proclaims it to be. That was one of the great contentions of Luther. He maintained that no man or body of men, either popes or councils, had the right to define the powers of the Church. Salvation,

he declared, was the gift of God's grace through faith in Jesus Christ. The Church, he taught, is made up of the whole body of believers. The Church, then, is the product of faith, and all of its powers and prerogatives are contingent upon faith, and not upon formal ordinances."

"This is a new thought to me," answered Wesley. "It puts the Church upon a different foundation."

"Yes, you remember that Peter made the confession, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.' Then Jesus said, 'Upon this rock I will build my Church.' The foundation of the Church, then, is faith in Christ, the Son of God."

"Yes, mother always insists that the most important thing in religion is faith," said Harold.

"You Lutherans seem to make faith the foundation of your whole religious system," observed Wesley.

"Most certainly," replied Boltzious. "Faith is the means by which we come into personal touch with Jesus Christ. It is faith that enables us to have perfect trust and confi-

dence in Him at all times and under all circumstances. No matter what dangers and trials we may face, we know that God will make all things work together for good to them that love Him."

"That explains, then," said Wesley, "some of the experiences which I had during our voyage to America. When the storms were raging and our English colonists were overwhelmed with fright, your countrymen were singing hymns of praise and seemed to be without fear."

"Why should they fear?" asked Harold. "Why should one who believes in God not trust Him in times of storm as well as in times of clear skies? God is just as near at one time as at another."

"I wish I might have that experience of perfect peace and trust. It is the one thing I long for in my religious life."

"It is all a matter of faith, my friend," replied Boltzius. "Just simple faith will bring peace to the most troubled heart."

"Yes, I presume that is the thing I am really seeking for myself. I seem to lack that perfect assurance of God's loving mercy

that I so much desire. I am trying to lead others to accept Christ, but I need to cultivate more faith for myself."

Harold, Boltzius and Wesley were just leaving the church building when they were somewhat surprised to see Long Bow, the Indian, make his appearance. Wesley greeted him most heartily, but the Indian returned the greeting rather stolidly and coldly. Long Bow turned to Harold and said, briefly, "I talk with you." Harold followed him aside. "Redfield bad man," he continued, when they were beyond the hearing of the others.

"Yes, I know that," replied Harold.

"He wants to put General Oglethorpe out of the colony."

"How does he expect to do that?"

"He gets crowd of men with guns and make himself governor."

"How did you find that out?"

"They meet in forest. I hear them plan."

"You are a good Indian. I will tell General Oglethorpe, and he will take care of Redfield, I think. Still, he may be able to make some trouble."

“Yes, you tell General Oglethorpe,” said Long Bow, as he strode away toward the forest.

CHAPTER VI

THE GOVERNOR'S STRONG HAND

Harold knew that there was no time to be lost. General Oglethorpe was planning a trip to the South, and his absence would give Redfield his desired opportunity. It was then that he would attempt to carry out his plan to overthrow the governor's authority. He told no one of the information which he had received from Long Bow, but prepared to set out the next morning for Savannah.

On his arrival at the older settlement he found Oglethorpe in the midst of his preparations for his contemplated southern trip. Bill Redfield was much in evidence, holding whispered consultations with men here and there. Harold at once concluded that he was only waiting for the departure of the General to carry out the move which he had planned.

Harold went at once to Oglethorpe and requested a private interview. The governor, though busy, invited him into his

private apartment. Immediately he told him of the information which Long Bow had given. General Oglethorpe listened intently to the recital, watching Harold narrowly with his piercing eyes. When the account was ended he grasped Harold's hand warmly.

"Thank you, my man. I am glad for your loyalty. I have been suspecting that this fellow Redfield was engaged in some underhanded work, but I did not believe that he would dare to go to such lengths. I had noticed a spirit of antagonism among a certain class of the settlers, but I did not suppose that they would venture upon so bold an undertaking."

Oglethorpe paused for a few moments, still regarding Harold closely. Then he continued, "How would you like to take charge of a squad of my men and go out and arrest Redfield? I will place him where he will make no more trouble. You arrest him and put him into the charge of the captain of my ship, and I will take care that none of his followers make any disturbance."

"Nothing would suit me better," replied

Harold. "I have a few scores against that fellow myself that I should like to make even."

Oglethorpe hastily wrote out a warrant for the arrest of Redfield, and calling a half dozen of his men put them under the command of the young colonist.

Harold at once set out in search of Redfield. It was not long before he spied him earnestly talking to a group of men. There were a dozen or more of them whom he recognized as followers of the unscrupulous schemer. His first thought was that it would be unsafe to make the arrest while in the midst of his friends. Then the next thought was that such a move would be the surest means of breaking up the incipient rebellion which he had been organizing. To take him boldly into custody while surrounded by his followers would tend to overawe them. Still Harold realized that he would be incurring considerable danger, for he recognized in the group several desperate characters with whom he must reckon. He hesitated but a moment. He told two of the men to seize Redfield and bind him as soon as he

should place him under arrest. He then pointed out some of the other dangerous characters, and told the other four men to deal with them should they make any hostile move. He then walked boldly into the group.

"Redfield, I have a little message for you," said Harold, drawing the warrant for his arrest from his pocket.

"No, you don't," yelled the scoundrel with a gleam of hate flashing into his eyes as soon as he realized the significance of the paper. "Go after them, boys."

He made a swift lunge at Harold, but the younger man was on his guard for such a move, and with a well-aimed blow from his left arm sent him reeling. The two men at once seized him, and in a moment he was securely bound. The other four men pressed in about Harold and faced the threatening crowd. All had happened quickly and when they saw their leader helpless they were cowed and slunk away.

The next move was to take the now thoroughly cowed Redfield on ship board. The captain at once put him in irons to await

further orders from Governor Oglethorpe.

When Harold again reported to Oglethorpe he was warmly commended for his courage and decisive action.

"I have been looking for just such a man as you," said Oglethorpe. "There is some important work to be done to the south and I need your help. You seem to have won the confidence of the Indians, and you can be of special service in the expedition which I am planning."

"What will be the nature of the service which will be expected of me?"

"The king has commissioned me to see that our southern boundaries are protected from the Spaniards, who hold Florida. I am planning to establish some fortifications along the boundary, and I want you to help rally the Indians to our support."

"I will do what I can, but I must get the assistance of Long Bow."

"Can you be back here within four days? I am anxious to start as soon as possible."

"I can, provided I can find Long Bow."

Harold immediately hastened away in search of his Indian friend. He felt sure

that he would meet him on the way back to Ebenezer, where he wished to inform his father and mother of his purpose before joining the expedition under the governor. In his expectation he was not disappointed, for he had not left Savannah many hours before Long Bow made his appearance. The Indian wished to learn what had been the result of the information which he had given concerning Redfield. However, the stolid native made no demonstration when Harold gave his account of what had taken place.

"Redfield bad man," he said. "Serves him right. Redfield gives Indians fire water, and fire water very bad for Indians."

Harold then began to tell Long Bow of the purpose of General Oglethorpe to fortify the southern boundary of Georgia as a protection against the Spaniards, and his desire to have the assistance of the natives. The Indian listened intently. He asked several questions concerning the plan of the expedition.

"General Oglethorpe is a good man," said Long Bow when Harold had finished. "He is always fair to my people. The Spaniards

are not honest. They always cheat the Indians when we trade with them. Long Bow is your friend, and a friend to General Oglethorpe. Long Bow will see that his people help his friends."

The Indian then disappeared in the forest.

Promptly at the end of the four days Harold was at Savannah ready to accompany the governor on his southern trip. Oglethorpe had acted promptly and with decision, so that the rebellion which Redfield had been fomenting was completely quelled. However, he had determined to keep the leader a prisoner on ship board until he should decide what disposition to make of him.

Harold gave Oglethorpe an account of his interview with Long Bow. "You may depend upon the natives being ready to give their assistance. Long Bow always keeps his promises."

"It is fortunate that you have so fully won his confidence," replied the governor. "The Spaniards are quite strong in Florida, and we shall need the assistance of the Indians if we are to protect our rights."

The expedition to the South was carried out with Oglethorpe's accustomed vigor. Long, Bow, true to his promise, brought the native tribes to Oglethorpe, who made a firm treaty with them. Several forts were built and garrisoned. Only one disquieting event had occurred. That was the escape of Redfield. In some unaccountable way he had succeeded in freeing himself from his irons and disappeared from the ship. However, as he did not make his appearance in any of the Georgia settlements, little more thought was given to him.

Having made provision for the occupation of the territory claimed by the Georgia colony Oglethorpe determined to send messengers to St. Augustine to induce the Spaniards, if possible, to recognize the claims of the English. Harold and an older man named Wilson were selected for this delicate and dangerous mission.

Harold and his companion at once set out upon their journey for the Spanish settlement. It was a journey of several days before they finally reached St. Augustine. Harold was not familiar with the Spanish lan-

guage, but Wilson had learned to speak it with some degree of fluency. Naturally he became the spokesman.

They were received rather coolly by the Spanish governor. He declared that Oglethorpe was claiming far more than his just part of the territory and stated that it was his purpose to compel the English to abandon their claim. After a lengthy discussion, which brought no agreement, Harold suggested that the matter be taken under consideration for a few days, after which they should have another conference. To this the Spanish governor consented, although he asserted that he could make no change in his position.

While awaiting the time for the second conference the two Englishmen were permitted to lodge in an abandoned hut. Although the lodging place was of the crudest character the two hardy colonists found no difficulty in accommodating themselves to the conditions. It was almost dark when they were conducted to this rude shelter by a Spanish soldier.

As they passed along the streets the atten-

tion of Harold was attracted to the figure of a man that seemed familiar. At first he was unable to recall where he had seen that gait and bearing. In the gathering twilight he was unable to distinguish the man's features. Their arrival at the hut which had been assigned to them and the preparation for the night drove the matter from his mind.

Although the hut was very crude it was better than spending the night in the open and the two men were glad to avail themselves of its shelter. They built a camp-fire, which gave some protection from the attacks of mosquitoes. After having partaken of the evening meal which they had prepared, they were making preparations for the night, when Wilson signed Harold to listen. It soon became evident to them that the Spanish had placed guards about their lodging place. The governor evidently did not intend that they should make any move without his knowledge. This was somewhat disquieting, for they had reason to fear treachery on the part of the Spaniards. The two men discussed the situation in low tones. Both were greatly exhausted from the strenuous jour-

ney which they had made and were very much in need of rest. However, they did not feel that it was safe for both to sleep at the same time. It was agreed to take turns in keeping watch. Wilson was to watch the first part of the night and Harold the latter part. This plan would enable them to keep the camp fire burning and thus afford protection all night from the mosquitoes, which were especially annoying.

Harold was soon sleeping soundly. He was not disturbed until his companion awakened him to take his turn at watching. All was dark about the hut except the small circle of light made by the camp fire. The midnight hours passed slowly. He listened attentively to each sound, but himself kept within the shadow of the hut, except when necessary to add fuel to the fire. Occasional sounds made it clear that they were closely guarded. He could hear now and then a step or movement that made him realize the guards were not sleeping.

It must have been about three o'clock in the morning when Harold's sharp ear caught the sounds of a whispered conversation.

Someone was talking with the guard. His first thought was that this was the time for changing guards, but soon he heard stealthy steps approaching the hut. As they drew nearer he could observe that they were moving with greater caution. He was sitting in the shadow of the hut and knew that he would not be easily seen. He had his hand upon the cord by which he was to arouse his companion when danger threatened. He waited, however, to see just what would develop. He could tell by the sounds that the intruders were approaching quite near the circle of light cast by the camp fire. He strained his eyes that he might catch a glimpse of them. Slowly two figures emerged into the light. One was evidently a guard. But who was the other? Surely he had seen that crouching figure somewhere before. Then, like a flash, it dawned upon him. It was no other than Bill Redfield. The renegade, after his escape from Oglethorpe, had made his way to the Spanish settlement. As he advanced further into the circle of light he could see the look of malignant hatred upon his face.

Harold grasped the cord to arouse Wilson, but restrained his impulse for a moment to see what Redfield's next move would be. The guard stood silently, just at the edge of the circle of light. What did it all mean? Harold's brain was working rapidly. Surely the Spanish governor would not go to the trouble to employ this outlaw Englishman to murder them. If that had been his purpose he would doubtless have had his own soldiers do it. He concluded that Redfield was carrying out some project of his own, but he was not able to guess just what that might be. He knew that he could spring upon Redfield and overpower him, but he did not know just what the guard would do in such a contingency. In the meantime Redfield had reached the door of the hut and was endeavoring to peer in by the dim light cast by the fire. He stood silent. Evidently he could make out the form of but one sleeping man. He now began to look about. Harold could see that he was trying to locate the other man, for he knew there should be two. He concluded that it was now time to arouse his companion. He gave the cord a sharp

twitch. Wilson quickly but silently sat up. Redfield was startled by this unexpected movement, and, starting backward, tripped and fell. In an instant Wilson was on his feet and Harold crept forward. Redfield, scrambling up, quickly retreated beyond the circle of light. Harold called softly to his companion, but remained in the shadow. He did not wish Redfield to recognize him, as he knew that he held an implacable grudge on account of the part which he had played in his arrest. He felt sure that he would go to any length for revenge. Still he was not sure that Redfield had not seen and recognized him during the day, and was even now attempting to carry out some plan of revenge. As they stood listening they heard the two men retiring. They were safe for the time being, but what would be the next move remained yet to be seen.

CHAPTER VII

DIPLOMACY AND INTRIGUE

Neither Wilson nor Harold slept any more that night. That Redfield was planning mischief they were certain, but how to meet his machinations was a problem, for they did not know what form his activity would take.

When at last morning came with the rising of the sun the guards approached the hut and the Englishmen were commanded to follow them. They were brought before the governor.

"I have been informed," said the governor, addressing the two men, "that you are here not so much as messengers as spies. We have it on good authority that General Oglethorpe is planning to take possession of some of the domains of the Spanish king, if not actually plotting the capture of this very settlement. It is altogether probable that your presence here is for the purpose of discov-

ering the nature of our defenses and reporting them to your commander."

"May I ask," broke in Harold impulsively, "the source of your information? It is evident that we have some unscrupulous enemies in our midst."

"It is not necessary for me to give the source of my information," replied the governor superciliously. "It is sufficient to say that it is of an entirely reliable character."

"Oh, yes, I know who your informant is," was Harold's hasty rejoinder. He was about to say more when his older companion laid his hand on his arm and checked him.

"Oh, that does not make much difference!" said Wilson, quietly. "Since you have no confidence in our honesty perhaps it may be just as well that we relieve you of our presence. With your permission we will return to General Oglethorpe."

"That we shall not permit for the present," said the governor. "I have dispatched messengers to your commander demanding that he at once withdraw from the possessions of the Spanish king. In the meantime we shall hold you as hostages to compel the ful-

fillment of the demands we have made."

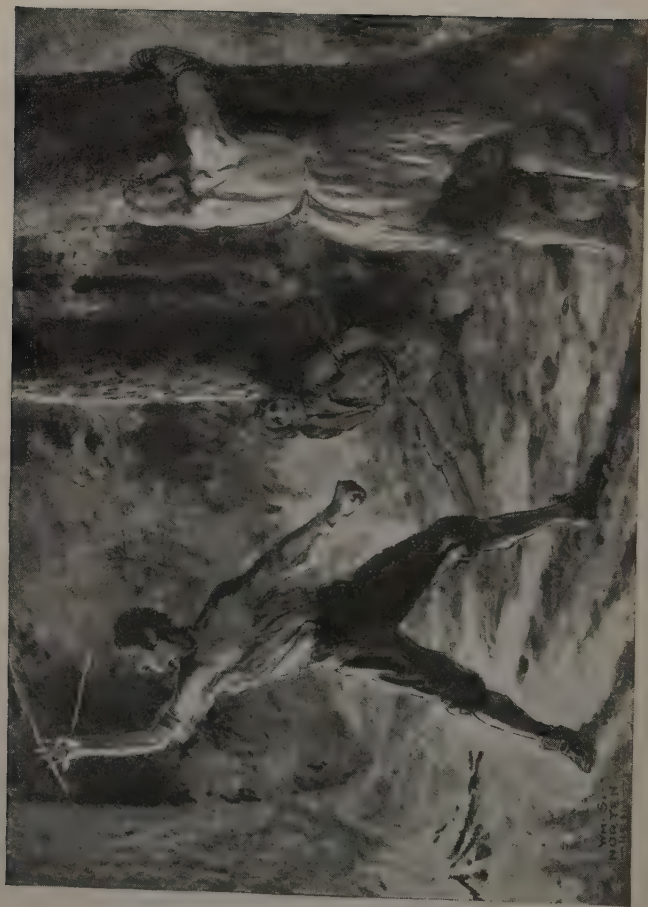
The governor peremptorily waved them aside and directed the guards to take them to prison.

Harold could scarcely control his bitter wrath. "Bill Redfield is responsible for this, you may depend," he said to his companion as they followed the guards.

"Well, it will not do any good to make a row about it," replied Wilson. "We will have to take our medicine for the present. However, it is rather unfortunate that Redfield should have escaped and found his way here."

Just as they were about to be led into the prison the party came face to face with Redfield. The renegade stood in wide-mouthed surprise at he recognized Harold. Then an expression of fiendish elation passed over his face.

"Ho-ho, young man, I guess we will have a chance to square accounts now! You thought you were having things your own way back in Savannah, but it is my turn now. Don't you wish you had a friend in St. Augustine now?"



A SHARP SWISH AND A CRY OF PAIN

Harold made no reply to his taunting sneers, but ground his teeth and clenched his hands in impotent rage as he entered the prison door.

The weeks dragged along monotonously for the two Englishmen held as hostages in the Spanish prison. They were not ill-treated, but it was evident that the governor was making good his threat of holding them to compel Oglethorpe to abandon the territory claimed by Spain. Wilson took the confinement philosophically, but Harold chafed under the restraint. He even made some wild plans for escape, but was dissuaded from carrying them into effect by his more prudent companion.

After a number of weeks the Spanish governor paid his prisoners a visit. He had just learned that a large number of natives had joined themselves to Oglethorpe, and that with this formidable force the general was threatening to advance upon the Spanish colony. In the conversation it soon became evident to the Englishmen that the Spaniard was very much concerned over the situation. He was not at all confident that

he would be able to hold out against the combined forces of the English and Indians. He soon showed that he was ready to make some concessions. Harold recognized the opportunity and took advantage of the situation.

"You certainly did not think that General Oglethorpe would submit tamely to such an outrage as you have practiced upon us," said Harold finally. "You do not know the kind of a man he is."

"All that we have been insisting upon is that he withdraw from our territory," replied the now somewhat subdued Spaniard.

"You did not take a very good course to secure that end. We assured you in the beginning that the General was willing to discuss the matter fully, but he will not submit to such high-handed proceedings as you have undertaken."

"I shall consider the matter, and perhaps I shall send you back to your commander with a message."

As the governor left the prison it was evident to the Englishmen that the Spaniard was weakening.

That night, just as Harold and his companion were about to fall asleep, they were attracted by the sound of voices. Someone was talking to the guard. Soon the door opened and Redfield stepped in.

"Well, I guess I am about even with you fellows now. Anyway, it doesn't do any good to hold spite."

Harold was so surprised by the appearance of his old adversary that at first he could not speak, but stood gazing intently on his face in the flickering light of the torch.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of me," continued Redfield. "I am willing to call it square now."

"Well, what do you want?" finally asked Harold rather coldly as he continued to watch him narrowly.

"I have come to help you get away from here. You didn't do much to help me to get away from Oglethorpe, but I will forget that."

Harold's mind was in a whirl. Could it be possible that Redfield was intending to do them a good turn? Almost he was begin-

ning to believe that the outlaw had experienced a change of heart. He turned to Wilson. "What do you think of it?"

"For my part," said Wilson slowly. "I am for anything that will get us out of this place, and if I get away once no one will ever get me back again."

"That's the talk," said Redfield.

Harold gave a swift glance at the man, and was startled to catch on his face an expression of cunning malevolence, which, however, quickly changed to one of assumed good will as his eyes met Harold's.

"How will you accomplish it?" asked Harold, guardedly.

"It won't cost much to get the guard to turn his back while we step out," replied Redfield. "You surely did not make this trip without a little money about you."

Some intuition told Harold that a trap was being laid. It did not accord with Redfield's nature so easily to turn from an enemy to a friend. "When do you propose to carry out this plan?" he asked cautiously.

"There is no better time than right now. The coast is clear, and delays, as you

well know, are dangerous to each and all."

"I am for it," said Wilson. "I'll give what money I have to get out of here."

"I want to think about it awhile," said Harold. "I am not ready to start tonight anyway."

"Oh, well," said Redfield airily, "you don't have to accept a good turn if you don't want to. You can think about it if you prefer, but the chance may not come again very soon. What do you say?" he asked, turning to Wilson.

Harold raised a finger in warning and Wilson caught the signal.

"Perhaps we had better think it over a little," replied Wilson warily.

"All right, then," said Redfield as he turned and left the room.

"What is it?" whispered Wilson when Redfield was out of hearing.

"I am sure he is up to mischief. I have had considerable experience with Redfield, and it is not his nature to go out of his way to do anyone a good turn, least of all someone against whom he has had a grudge, and he really does have cause for a grudge against

me. Then, too, I did not like the expression which I caught on his face when he did not know I was watching him."

"Perhaps that is true, but I thought it was a pretty good chance to get away."

Several days passed without further incident. Then one morning the guard told the Englishmen that the governor wished to see them. They were conducted to the residence of the governor, who received them rather graciously.

"We have received messages from General Oglethorpe, and I believe that we have reached a satisfactory agreement," announced the governor. "Consequently, there is no longer need of your being detained. You are now at liberty to return to your commander."

The Englishmen thanked the Spanish governor and lost little time in setting out upon the return journey after having provided themselves with some necessary supplies.

They saw nothing of Redfield, but Harold remarked to his companion that he was sure now that his visit to them was an attempt to carry out some underhanded scheme. He

was convinced that the outlaw had been responsible for their detention in the first place, and that he was trying to continue his plan for revenge.

By nightfall the two Englishmen had placed some distance between themselves and the Spanish settlement. They built their camp fire and prepared to rest during the night. Both of the men were accustomed to spend nights in the forest and they slept soundly. They did not consider it necessary to keep watch, so both had gone to sleep.

How long he had been asleep Harold did not know when he was suddenly awakened by someone seizing his arms and firmly binding them behind his back. In another moment he had been rolled over and placed in a sitting position with his back against a tree. As he attempted to call out a piece of cloth was forced into his mouth. Then the person who had bound him turned to the smoldering embers of the camp fire and replenished it. Soon it burst into flame. As it did so it revealed Wilson sitting against a tree a few yards distant in a similar plight as himself.

As his captor turned from the fire toward him he gazed into the leering face of Redfield. Two Spaniards then advanced into the circle of light.

"You may search them and take whatever they have," said the renegade to his followers.

At once the avaricious Spaniards relieved the Englishmen of whatever valuables they possessed.

"You may go. I think I can take care of these fellows alone now," he continued, when they had completed their task.

Immediately the Spaniards disappeared in the darkness. Redfield sat down upon a log, and, stirring the fire, gloated over his captives. He had completely thrown off his mask of pretended friendship. At last he spoke.

"Now I have you fellows just where I want you. I guess we can even up our scores now. I don't have anything special against you, Wilson, except you happen to be in this fellow's company. This youngster knows, however, that I have some things to settle with him, and I shall begin right now."

Redfield deliberately got up, cut a pliable branch from a nearby bush. Having trimmed it to his satisfaction, he approached Harold and jerked him into a standing position. He stripped off his shirt and bound him with his face to the tree. Then he deliberately took up the branch, and, swinging it at arm's length, brought it down with all his strength upon Harold's bare back.

"There, that is one," he said; "but I owe you a good many."

Harold winced at the cruel blow and struggled desperately but in vain to free himself.

"Oh, I've got you now!" sneered Redfield as he rolled up his sleeve and prepared to deliver another blow. "For once the tables are turned."

He swung the rod for another blow, but just as his arm was in the air there was a sharp swish and he dropped the branch with a cry of pain. His hand had been transfixed by an Indian arrow. With a swift, noiseless bound the figure of an Indian leaped into the circle of light. Redfield started back and with an oath dashed away

into the darkness of the forest. With a swift stroke of his knife the Indian cut the cords that bound Harold and then as quickly liberated Wilson. It all happened so quickly that Harold was dazed, but in a moment he recovered himself. He shot a swift glance at the Indian.

"Why, Long Bow, how do you happen to be here?"

"Long Bow your friend," laconically answered the native.

"Are you going to allow that fiend to escape?" exclaimed Wilson as he rubbed his arms where they had been bruised by the cords.

For the moment Harold had almost forgotten Redfield in his surprise at the appearance of Long Bow, but Wilson's exclamation and his back smarting from the blow which he had received, roused him to action. He started into the forest in the direction where Redfield had disappeared. But Long Bow laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Wait," he said quietly.

CHAPTER VIII

COALS OF FIRE

"Why should I wait? He will escape entirely if we do not follow him at once," said Harold impatiently as he paused.

"Just wait. Long Bow knows," said the Indian as he signed for silence and stood intently listening.

Both Harold and Wilson, impressed by the Indian's earnestness, listened also. Soon a muffled cry sounded in the distance, followed by faint sounds of a struggle, which soon ceased. Then there came through the night air the clear sound of the hoot of an owl.

"Now come," said Long Bow, as he started silently through the darkness. Without a word the two Englishmen followed almost as silently as the Indian himself. They had not proceeded far before they perceived the glimmer of a torch through the trees. Soon they found themselves in the midst of

a group of natives surrounding Redfield, whom they had bound firmly to a tree. As they joined the group Harold perceived that like silent shadows other natives were joining the circle. Then it began to dawn upon him what had been Long Bow's plan. Evidently a small band of natives under the leadership of Long Bow had been waiting in the neighborhood of the Spanish settlement watching for the release of the Englishmen. Clearly they had discovered that Harold and his companion were being followed by Redfield and his Spaniards, and when they were being set upon by these villains had surrounded the camping place and had come to their rescue just at the proper moment. Then when Redfield had attempted to escape he had fallen into their hands. As Harold appeared, Redfield shot a look of vindictive hatred at him. He said nothing, because the natives had taken the precaution to gag him. Harold glanced about. There were about a dozen natives in the party. All were silent. One of them held a lighted pine knot for a torch. They were apparently waiting for something. The mystery of this waiting

was solved when another party of natives appeared leading the two Spaniards who had been with Redfield. They, too, were bound and gagged. Without a word these were also lashed to trees close to Redfield after their captors had returned to the owners the property which had been taken.

At once activity began among the natives. A fire was quickly kindled. Each Indian procured a pine knot torch, and, having lighted it, began to circle slowly about the captives. Then their bodies began to sway. Now one began a rhythmical chanting. Then another took up the chant, followed by another and another, until the whole party was dancing about the captives. Gradually they broke into wild yells and frenzied leapings. Finally one seized a fallen branch and threw it at the feet of the captives. This was followed by another. At first this puzzled Harold, but suddenly the horrible truth dawned upon him. The Indians were planning to burn their captives alive. Much as he detested the villainous Redfield, this horrified him. Could he stand by and see this torture carried out? The faces of the cap-

tives were blanched with fear, for they well knew what the natives were preparing.

"What shall we do?" whispered Harold to Wilson.

"I don't see that we can do anything," was the reply. "I don't care to interfere with these redskins when they are in this mood. This rascal would have done something worse to you if he had been let alone."

"But surely we cannot stand quietly by and see these men suffer such a fate."

By this time the savages had reached a perfect frenzy, and the fagots were piled high about the terrified captives. Harold realized that if anything were to be done it must be done quickly. He approached Long Bow in the leaping circle of Indians, but the native waved him aside. Just at this moment one of the Indians threw his torch into the pile of fagots. Then several others did likewise. The flaming pine knots smouldered for a little time, but soon they began to blaze and to kindle the pile. The horror of it all sickened Harold, but he did not hesitate long. Leaping forward, he began with feverish haste to scatter the piled-up wood and to

stamp out the fire. The yelling circle of natives suddenly became silent as they stood gazing in amazement. Harold did not pause until the fagots had been scattered and the incipient flames extinguished. As he turned to face the astonished natives, one of the group sprang threateningly toward him with uplifted weapon. Long Bow, however, stepped forward and checked his impetuous follower. Then, turning to Harold:

"Why do you interfere? Why do you take the part of your enemy?" Harold could read in the eyes of the Indian smouldering anger and he realized that this was indeed a critical situation. In the tumult of his thoughts the words which he had heard from Pastor Boltzius in one of his sermons flashed into his mind: "There is no danger so great or trial so severe that an earnest prayer to God will not bring help." As his gaze met that of the Indian a prayer went up from his heart for wisdom to speak the right word. As the native searched the face of the young white man it was not an expression of anger or hate that he read there, but one that seemed for the moment to calm his own ris-

ing anger. Then Harold very quietly spoke:

"Long Bow, I am a white man, and I worship Jesus Christ. He tells me, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.'" It is true that Redfield is my enemy, but I would be no Christian if I stood by and saw him burned at the stake."

The look of anger died out of Long Bow's eyes. "It is really true then, as Pastor Boltzius has been telling us. The white man's religion will give us new hearts. It will take away hate and make us love each other."

The circle of Indians drew closer about Long Bow and Harold as they stood facing each other. They listened intently to all that was being said. The weapons which had been raised with threatening menace were lowered. Harold was about to speak again, when one of the natives, pressing forward, asked:

"May I ask the paleface a question?"

Long Bow turned to Harold with a questioning glance. Harold nodded to the native who had pressed forward.

"You say the white man's religion teaches us to love each other and do good to our enemies?" asked the stolid-faced native. Harold nodded affirmatively.

"Why, then, do the white men fight each other and kill each other? Why do they rob the red men and make war upon them? Why do they bring the red men firewater, which causes them to fight and kill?"

The circle of Indians was pressing closer and each was bending forward eagerly to hear the answer to these questions. As Harold glanced about he could read the eager interest upon even the stolid Indian faces. Never before had he seen any of the natives so interested in what might be said concerning the white man's religion. Then he seemed to see a vision of the earnest face of Pastor Boltzius as he had seen him endeavoring to awaken a religious interest in the hearts of the natives who came from time to time to Ebenezer. Again he remembered his words urging to prayer. Before he attempted to answer there went up from his heart another plea for wisdom.

"The white men are not all good men,"

began Harold. "Some of them do as Jesus teaches and some do not. Some of them worship Jesus and some do not. All men, red men and white men, are naturally bad, and unless they will allow Jesus to give them new hearts they will be wicked and hate each other. It makes no difference whether we are white men or red men, we must believe Jesus and allow Him to give us new hearts if we are to be good. Some white men will not allow Jesus to give them new hearts, so they are wicked and hateful." Harold paused. The circle of natives stood silent and motionless. They had eagerly drunk in every word.

Then he continued again, "Pastor Boltzius and his people at Ebenezer do not rob the red men or give them firewater. They do not fight and hate each other."

"Yes, you speak the truth," said Long Bow as Harold paused again. "Pastor Boltzius speaks the truth, too. But I would not have believed that the white man's religion would give one a new heart if I had not seen you take the part of this man who is your enemy."

"Do you understand now?" asked Harold

of the native who had propounded the perplexing questions.

"I do not understand yet, but I know you speak the truth. I must think."

"What shall we do with these men?" asked Long Bow, pointing to the captives.

Harold had almost forgotten Redfield in his eagerness to help the red men to grasp the meaning of the white man's religion, but he, too, now turned to the captives. The faces of the Spaniards were almost as stolid as those of the Indians, but on the face of Redfield was plainly written a puzzled expression of astonishment and relief. He had not grasped as fully as even the natives the motives that had prompted Harold to return good for evil. He was still doubtful whether it was the purpose of the young Englishman to save his life or merely to find an opportunity to take vengeance himself. However, this doubt was quickly dispelled when Harold said:

"Take them back to the Spanish settlement and release them."

Long Bow gave a few brief commands to his followers. Immediately the three cap-

tives were unbound and in silence led away.

"They will get what they deserve as soon as they get out of hearing," whispered Wilson as they were departing. "The Indians are willing to humor you for the present.

Harold dashed after the disappearing band of natives. He touched Long Bow on the arm.

"Do you promise not to injure these men?"

"Yes, I promise," replied the Indian quietly. "Long Bow does not break his word."

When the two Englishmen found themselves alone the dawn was beginning to lighten the east.

"Well, I presume we might as well be traveling," said Wilson. "I guess we have had excitement enough for one night."

The journey returning to General Oglethorpe's camp was without further unusual incident. They were received with evident satisfaction by the governor, for he had been much concerned for their safety while they were being held by the Spaniards. He well knew that the Spanish governor would hesi-

tate at nothing which he thought would intimidate the English.

The next day Long Bow and his party also returned to camp. The Indians said little concerning the incident in which they had been concerned, merely stating that Redfield and his companions had been taken in safety to the Spanish settlement. General Oglethorpe was somewhat vexed that Redfield had not been brought back to him, but Harold contended that the best disposition to be made was to allow him to remain among the Spaniards. To this the governor finally agreed.

Several days later Long Bow came to Harold. "Long Bow wishes to talk," he began. "We have been thinking over what you told us the other night. For a long time we did not believe that the white man's religion was any good. We thought the white men were just trying to get the Indians to do as they wanted them to do. The red men now believe that you speak the truth when you talk about religion. Some white men do not speak the truth about religion. When you helped Redfield, who had done

so much harm to you, and then told us about Jesus, saying that we should love our enemies, then we knew that you would tell the truth about religion."

Harold was surprised to hear Long Bow speak so freely about religion. He perceived that a subtle change had been wrought in the red man and that his heart was now open to the truth of Christianity. Although he was himself a sincere Christian, and under the ministry of Boltzius had grown much in faith and Christian grace, he had never thought of himself as being fitted to lead the red men to Christianity. He began to cast about in his mind for someone in General Oglethorpe's party to whom he might direct the Indian for religious instruction. Soon he realized that there was no one in the company more capable than himself for this task, and no one in whom the natives had as much confidence. Long Bow waited patiently for Harold to speak. Finally the young white man began:

"Long Bow, I fear that I am not a very good Christian. I do not always do as Jesus wants me to do and I fear that I do not

understand religion well enough to explain it to the red men."

"But you speak the truth and we can trust you," broke in Long Bow. "That is what we want. We want to know that the things are true."

"Do you not believe that Pastor Boltzius speaks the truth?"

"Yes, Pastor Boltzius is a good man and we know that he will tell us the truth."

"Then I will bring Pastor Boltzius, and I know that he will be glad to tell you about Jesus."

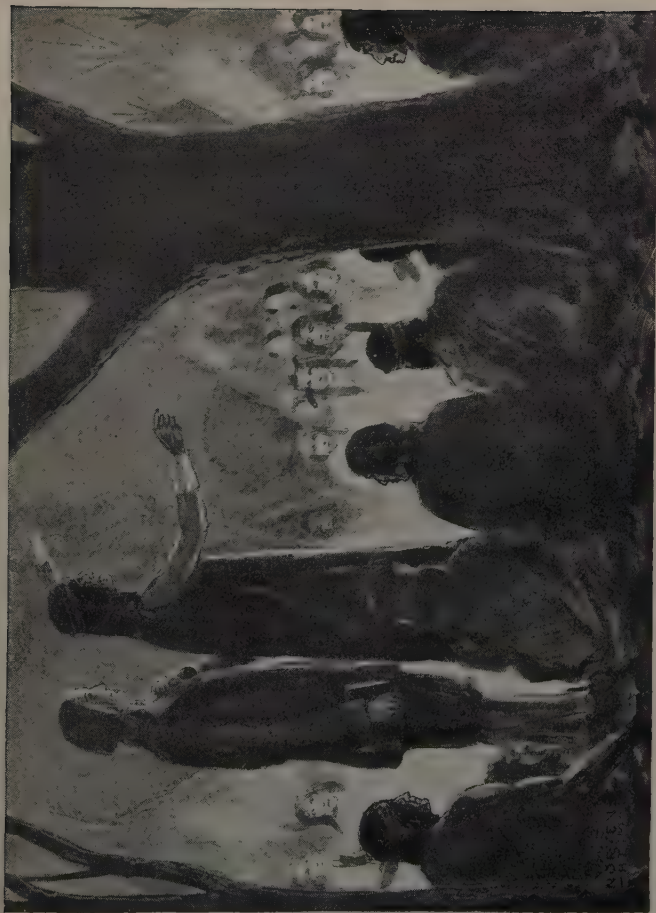
CHAPTER IX

THE LEADING OF GOD

Harold lost no time in setting out for Ebenezer. Boltzius, though burdened with his pastoral duties at the settlement, gladly consented to accompany Harold to the Indian camp, that he might tell the natives the Gospel story.

The shades of night were gathering as they reached the place where the Indians were encamped after the strenuous journey. The natives were sitting about the camp fire in silence. The flickering blaze would light up their stolid faces, then they would be darkened by the shadows. Long Bow motioned them to a place near the center of the group. Then, rising, he addressed his companions:

"We have asked our white friends to come tonight to tell us about the white man's religion. We have asked them because we believe that we have found white men who



THE NATIVES SITTING ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE IN SILENCE

will tell us the truth. We can trust what they say. The red men have always worshiped the Great Spirit, but we are like children. We do not always know how we ought to worship. The white man is very wise and knows many things that the red man does not. But the white man is not always good. Sometimes he tells lies to the red man. Sometimes he makes war on the red man and takes away his land. Sometimes he brings the red man firewater, which takes away his mind so that he does not know what he does. But not all white men are bad. Some are good. Some come to tell us about the Great Spirit. Some come to teach us the things that the white man knows. If we always knew who are good and who are bad we would know whom to trust. We have asked our white friends here to tell us about their religion because we know they are honest and speak the truth."

As Long Bow sat down, the faces of the Indians were turned toward the white men with an air of expectancy. Boltzius realized that this was an unusual opportunity. He gazed earnestly into the faces about him as

he rose. Then he began in his own way to tell the story of God's Word. He told of the creation and God's wonderful wisdom and power. Then he related the experiences of Adam and Eve and how sin came into the world. In the story of Cain and Abel he sketched in graphic words the effect of sin and how it was the cause of jealousy, hate and bloodshed. Then he told of how the world grew more and more wicked. Then he related how God planned to send a Saviour who should overcome sin in the hearts of men and provide a way of salvation. As he observed how eagerly they were listening, his heart warmed. As he began to tell the story of Jesus there seemed to come a subtle inspiration and unusual eloquence fell from his lips. He told how the angels sang on the night of His birth, how He grew to manhood and went about doing good. Then came the story of the cross and how the Son of God gave His life for the sins of the world. As he concluded with the story of the Resurrection, he paused.

Then one of the natives broke in eagerly. "Yes, we see the wonderful love of Jesus,

but how are we to obtain the new heart that will make us love each other?"

"Yes, yes, that is what we want to know," came a number of other voices.

Boltzius looked about again. The stolid expression so common to the faces of the natives had given way to looks of eager expectancy.

"'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life.' " quoted Boltzius. "God loves both the red man and the white man, and wants us to have the new heart that will make us love each other. Unless we have the new heart we keep on in our wickedness. You wonder why all white men are not good when they have a chance to know the white man's religion? It is because they will not listen to God's Word which He has sent to us. God's Word tells us that Jesus is willing to be punished in our place, so that we may be forgiven if we will only believe on Him. When we believe on Jesus He gives us a new heart and changes us from wicked men to good men. If we believe on Him

we are willing to do what He teaches us we should do. If you want to have the new heart you must listen to God's Word, you must believe in Jesus Christ, and you must be willing to do what Jesus tells you to do. Jesus will make us better men if we will only let Him."

Boltzius paused and then asked if they had any more questions. The natives remained silent. Over their faces there seemed to come the dawning of understanding. They were beginning to grasp the religion which had been explained to them.

Then Long Bow asked, "If we believe in Christ, what next must we do?"

"You should become members of the Church."

"How are we to become members of the Church?"

"You must be baptized."

"Then we want you to baptize us."

"I will be very glad to baptize you and receive you into the Church if you will come to Ebenezer and allow me to teach you the catechism, so that you may understand the Gospel more fully. There are many more

things you need to know about the Word of God."

"Yes, yes, we will come," they eagerly promised.

* * * * *

Almost two years had passed since Harold had accompanied General Oglethorpe on his expedition to the South. In the meantime, Charles Wesley had returned to England. These years had been spent quietly in the settlement at Ebenezer. Several times he had met John Wesley, who still remained in America, but each time he seemed very much dissatisfied. He had not been able to secure any tangible results from his labors among the Indians.

On one of his regular trips to Savannah Harold met John Wesley, who seemed very glad to meet his old friend and invited him to dine with him. The young men discussed various subjects during the meal, but Wesley seemed to have something upon his mind. Finally he said:

"Harold, I expect to return to England. A ship will sail next week, and I have engaged passage."

"Why is that?" asked Harold in surprise.

"I feel that my mission here has been a failure. I came to convert the Indians, but I have come to realize that I need to be converted myself. I do not have the peace of mind that the true Christian should have. I have studied my Bible and know what it teaches concerning salvation, but for some reason I cannot be sure that my sins are forgiven. I know that in some way I am not right, or God would make my work more fruitful."

"My dear friend," said Harold, "I do not believe we should judge our salvation by the results of our work. God does not measure success by material standards. What we think to be of little importance may be of great importance in His sight, and what we think are wonderful things may be but dust and ashes to Him."

"Yes, that is true, but why do I not have peace of mind? Why do so many doubts and fears disturb me? Why cannot I have such perfect assurance as Paul had? Why cannot I be just as sure of the forgiveness of my sins as Luther was?"

"You must remember that for a long time Luther did not have peace of mind in his religious experience. I have read that for years he tried every form of penance that was suggested, but it was not until he quietly put his trust in the assurance of God's Word, which says, 'The just shall live by faith,' that he found that peace for which he had been so long seeking."

"Yes, that seems to be just the difficulty. I do not seem to have that perfect faith and confidence. How can I secure it?"

"Just take God at His word. When God's Word says, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,' just believe. When God's Word says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,' just come to Jesus and trust Him. When you read, 'The just shall live by faith,' simply put your dependence upon your faith and God's promise."

"That is just the trouble. I don't trust my own faith. I do not know whether I really believe or not."

"It isn't a matter of trusting your own faith. It is a matter of trusting God. Our

salvation does not depend upon ourselves but upon God."

"Ah, yes, that is what I have heard Pastor Boltzius say again and again, but for some reason I cannot quite grasp that fact. I cannot quite put myself completely into God's hands."

The discussion continued for a short time, but other duties demanded Harold's attention. He had completed his errands and was preparing for the return trip to Ebenezer when he met General Oglethorpe.

"Young man," greeted the governor, "you are just the person for whom I have been looking. I need you very much. War will doubtless soon break out between England and Spain and I have need of just such a man as you to do some special work for me in England while I carry on preparations here in America."

Harold accompanied the General to his private residence, where he received careful instructions concerning the duties he was to perform. It was decided that he should depart on the vessel which was to sail the following week.

Harold hastened back to Ebenezer, that he might bid his father, mother and sister farewell and make the necessary preparations for his departure.

The day for the sailing of the ship found him in Savannah ready for the trip to England. In the excitement, on account of the responsibility which had been placed upon him by the governor, he had forgotten that Wesley was to sail on the same vessel. This fact, however, came quickly to mind when he met him in the crowd on the wharf.

"Hello," greeted Harold, "I am going back to England, too."

"Well, how does that happen?" asked Wesley.

"General Oglethorpe is sending me on a special mission."

"I must congratulate you on your good fortune, and I am sure that I am to be congratulated on having you for a companion. I shall certainly enjoy your company during the voyage."

"I assure you the enjoyment will be mutual."

"I am especially glad to have your com-

pany on this voyage, for I wish to continue the discussion which we were having the other day. There were some points which you made upon which I am not quite clear."

Harold and Wesley were unable to continue their conversation at this time, on account of the confusion of embarkation. As they were crowding on board he caught sight of a figure that seemed familiar to him. He was puzzled to recall who the person was, and before he could refresh his memory the individual had disappeared down the hold. There had been something strangely familiar in the bearing, but he could not place the identity. In the hurry of getting settled the matter passed from his mind. However, it came back to him in the evening, as he was on deck, when he saw the same figure outlined against the sky. In a flash it came to him that the person was no other than Bill Redfield. However, he was now wearing a full beard, and evidently was depending upon this to disguise him.

What was Bill Redfield doing on board a ship going to England? What scheme did he now have in mind? Did he still cherish

the spirit of revenge? Was he planning some injury? These were some of the thoughts that ran through Harold's mind as he meditated upon this discovery. At once he determined not to allow Redfield to know that he was recognized. If he were plotting mischief he could guard against it better if Redfield thought he was unrecognized. However, he was determined to be on his guard and to keep a careful watch.

Harold's thoughts turned again to Wesley. As they did so a plan began forming in his mind. Perhaps he could enlist his friend in guarding against the possible machinations of his old enemy. He resolved at least to confide in him. He was just turning to go in search of Wesley when he heard his name spoken and found himself face to face with him.

"I am glad I have found you at last," said Wesley.

"I am sorry we got separated in coming on board. I did not know there were so many taking passage on this ship."

"I do not know myself just why so many people are returning to England at this time,

unless it is on account of the threatened war."

"Do you know anything about that man?" asked Harold, pointing out Redfield.

"He appeared in Savannah a few days ago," replied Wesley, "but no one seems to know just where he came from. He didn't give out very much information concerning himself."

"I want to tell you something," said Harold, drawing closer to his friend. Then he proceeded to tell him of his various experiences with Redfield. As he finished, he said: "Redfield thinks, no doubt, that no one recognizes him, and I suspect that he will be planning some way to get even with me. I know he is capable of almost anything, so it will be necessary for me to keep a close watch on him."

"Let me help you," said Wesley. "Together we certainly ought to be able to guard against any of his schemes."

CHAPTER X

THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT

For many days the voyage was without incident. Harold and Wesley kept a secret but careful watch upon Redfield. He seemed to avoid all of his fellow passengers, and especially Harold, who at last concluded that his fear of recognition was greater than his desire for revenge. Harold finally determined to meet Redfield face to face, but resolved to show no signs of recognition. The opportunity came after they had been on the voyage about a week. He observed Redfield alone near the bow of the ship. Unconcernedly he strolled forward. As he approached, Redfield kept his back turned.

"It looks as though we might have some rough weather soon," observed Harold, as he glanced toward some clouds that hung along the horizon.

"Perhaps so," was the brief reply which Redfield made without turning his head.

As Harold watched him out of the corner of his eye, he saw him glance about, as though to see if they were alone. Then he noticed that he began to edge nearer, though he still kept his face turned away.

"What is that out yonder, do you suppose?" asked Redfield, suddenly, pointing over to the other side of the ship.

Although Harold was on his guard and watching his old enemy, he involuntarily turned his head in the direction indicated. In a moment Redfield sprang toward him with the evident intention of throwing him over the side of the vessel. Had Harold not been expecting some such move he doubtless would have accomplished his purpose. As it was, he barely avoided his sudden rush.

"Well, what do you mean?" demanded Harold sharply, but he gave no indication of having recognized his enemy.

Seeing that he had failed, Redfield turned and walked swiftly away.

That evening, as it was growing dusk, Harold and Wesley were standing on the deck, where they had been watching the sunset in the western sky. There was still a

faint glow where the sun had gone down, and the twinkling stars were beginning to appear. Then Harold began to relate his experience with Redfield.

"Then you were right in suspecting that he was planning mischief," observed Wesley. "Why do you not report him to the captain and have him put in irons?"

"I suppose at one time I might have done so," replied Harold, "but I look at some things differently now than I did a few months ago. I doubt if harsh measures will ever turn an enemy into a friend. Our Master teaches us that we should love our enemies and return good for evil. Several times I have been harsh with this man, and the only result has been to make him more vindictive. At the time I saw him about to be burned to death by the Indians I realized that I had not been showing the full spirit of Christ toward him, and I determined to change my attitude. My kindness upon that occasion does not seem to have had any good effect thus far, but perhaps, when I really show him that I cherish no ill will, it may soften his vindictiveness."

"I fear you are wasting your kindness. I doubt if this fellow is capable of appreciating it. It shows a very bad spirit for him to attempt your life after you saved him from such a horrible fate at the hands of the Indians."

Harold and Wesley had been standing near the pilot house and in the gathering darkness did not notice the form that had been silently stealing upon them in its shadow. Had they noticed, they would have seen that it was Redfield, who in desperation was determined to make another attempt to throw Harold overboard. He paused as he heard them speak of himself.

"I do not believe that is entirely true," replied Harold to Wesley's observation. "I believe that every man has some good chord in his heart that will respond if you can discover and touch it. I realize that I have not always been as forbearing with Redfield as a Christian should, but from now on I shall at least try to return good for evil. I suspect that he has plans for making trouble for General Oglethorpe as well as myself, and if I should report him to the captain he would

doubtless be put in irons, but I shall not take such a step until I have tried the power of kindness. Had I reported him when I recognized him the first day, he would doubtless have been immediately confined, but that would have made him more bitter and it would have been impossible to have ever influenced him by kindness."

Could they have seen the face of Redfield as he listened to these things they would have seen a remarkable change come over his countenance. The expression of bitter hatred gradually melted away and tears came to his eyes. He turned and started to steal away. Then he paused, as if deliberating. Then he boldly stepped forward and spoke brokenly:

"Harold Milman, I want to ask your forgiveness." The two men turned toward him in astonishment, and then he continued: "I was stealing up here with determination at all hazards to throw you overboard and thus be rid of one whom I thought to be my enemy. When I overheard what you have just been saying I began to realize what a miserable creature I have been and how

wickedly I have lived. Now I want you to tell me just what it is that makes a man willing to return good for evil to one like myself."

Harold stepped forward and grasped Redfield's hand: "My dear fellow, I fear I have not been as fair with you as I should. I know I have done many things to aggravate you, and have not been helpful sometimes when I might have been, but I have been learning more about Jesus Christ and I am trying to do as I believe He would have me do."

"Then you mean to say that it is being a Christian that makes you return good for evil?"

"Most assuredly. Is not that what Jesus Christ teaches?"

"Well, I have always thought that those people who called themselves Christians were hypocrites."

"Some few may be, but all are not."

"I am convinced that you, at least, are not. You well know that I would have killed you if I could, and yet you have been willing to speak a good word for me. You

are the first person that I can remember claimed there was any good in Bill Redfield."

"Didn't I tell you," said Harold, turning to Wesley, "that there is a chord in every heart that will respond if you can just find and touch it."

"But I want you to tell me more about this Christianity which you say makes men love their enemies," broke in Redfield.

"Mr. Wesley, here, is a missionary," said Harold. "I am sure he can tell you better about it than I can. I am just a plain farmer, but he is a preacher."

"You may not be a preacher, Harold Milman, but you have a religion that we plain people can appreciate," exclaimed Redfield.

Harold and Bill Redfield spent an hour or more in earnest conversation. Harold explained to Redfield, as best he knew, the great message of Christ the Saviour.

"Yes, I believe I understand," said Redfield at last, "but I must think it through for myself. There is one thing of which I am sure: I will be a different man after this night, and it is because I discovered that you have some real religion. You need not fear

me longer. I will be your friend after this." Then, looking about to be sure that there was no one near to overhear, he continued in a low tone: "I will tell you another thing. I came on board this ship as a spy for the Spanish. I was so bitter against Oglethorpe and you, too, that I was willing to do almost anything for revenge. But I am through with that now. I am going to live an honest life and try to make some amends for what I have done in the past."

"My friend," said Harold, "you must remember that it is not going to be easy to break up the habits of a lifetime. You will need the grace of God in your heart to do it, and remember that Jesus Christ is your helper. I am going to give you this little catechism, which Pastor Boltzius gave me. If you will read it carefully I am sure that you will find it most helpful."

"Thank you, my friend; I was sure that anyone who had as much real religion as you have would know how to help a poor sinner like me. God will bless you for it."

As Redfield left Harold the moon was rising and shedding its mellow light over the

gently rolling swells of the ocean. Harold gazed over the beautiful scene. There was a peace in his heart that he had never known before. Such beauty in the moonlight he had never seen.

"Most wonderful are Thy ways, O Lord," he whispered. "Our Master was indeed wise when He taught us to return good for evil."

The days of the voyage passed quickly by. Bill Redfield was beyond question a different man. Gone was that swaggering and boasting air. With meekness and humility he would come to Harold for an explanation on some point in the catechism which he was carefully studying. Slowly his intellect seemed to grasp the higher things, and wider visions came to him.

Each day John Wesley seemed to grow more restless. He noted the change that had come over Redfield and the sense of peace and satisfaction that had come into his life. When they were almost at the end of the voyage he came to Harold with a question:

"Why is it that you have been able to

bring about such a change in this man Redfield, who before was such a hopeless character? He seems to have such perfect peace and joy, while I am so dissatisfied. I haven't been able to win people to Christ as you have. I know there must be something wrong in my experience."

"It wasn't I that made the change in Bill Redfield. It was the Word of God in the hands of the Holy Spirit."

"Ah, I wonder if that is where I have been making my mistake? Have I been depending upon my own wisdom and strength instead of trusting in God and His Word?"

"Yes, we always make mistakes when we depend upon ourselves. We must depend upon Christ, and not upon ourselves, for salvation. Likewise we must depend upon the Word of God and the Holy Spirit in winning others for Christ."

"Harold, you should be an out-and-out preacher. I believe that you know more theology than I do. Do you never have doubts concerning your salvation?"

"Why should I have doubts? Does not

the Word of God say, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved'? If I believe, why should I doubt?"

"Then you simply depend upon what the Word of God says?"

"Most assuredly. Does not Luther tell us that we are simply to take God at His word?"

"Oh, if I only could do that. Some way I do not seem to have confidence. I cannot be sure that God has accepted me."

"Doubt is one of the devil's best weapons. How well he knows that he has won when he can get us to doubt. Lay hold of Jesus Christ and let Him drive away your doubts."

"I must think this over and talk with you again," said Wesley, as he left Harold.

In the hurry of the preparation for landing, Harold and John Wesley had no further opportunity to continue their discussion. They had already agreed to seek lodging at the same place when they reached London. As each had varying interests that demanded their attention, it was some weeks before they finally met at the agreed-upon lodging place. In the meantime Harold had per-

formed the duties assigned him by General Oglethorpe and was ready to take the first ship sailing for America. When he finally met Wesley he found him in a state of despondency. He had organized a society, the purpose of which was to seek peace and satisfaction in spiritual communion, but Wesley had not yet attained for himself the peace for which he sought. He was much cast down by his failure to experience the assurance of salvation which he so much desired. Harold spent an hour or more in conversation, and in an effort to cheer his friend, but without success. Finally, leaving Wesley, he went out to a nearby shop to make some purchases. It was growing late in the afternoon and he entered the shop hurriedly. At first he did not notice who were the other shoppers, until he heard his name spoken by a familiar voice. Looking up, he found himself face to face with Redfield. He had not seen Redfield since landing in England, and he greeted him warmly.

"What are you planning to do this evening?" asked Redfield.

"Nothing in particular."

"Then I want you to go with me to a meeting. I have been attending religious services with some companions, where we meet together for Bible study. We have also been reading the writings of Luther, and have found them very helpful. I have been studying carefully Luther's catechism, which you gave me, and I am beginning to understand what it means to be a Christian. These writings of Luther are making things still more plain to me. I hope soon to be fit to unite with the Church."

"Yes, I am sure that I shall want to go. Come up to our rooms when it is time for service and we will see if we can get Wesley to go."

CHAPTER XI

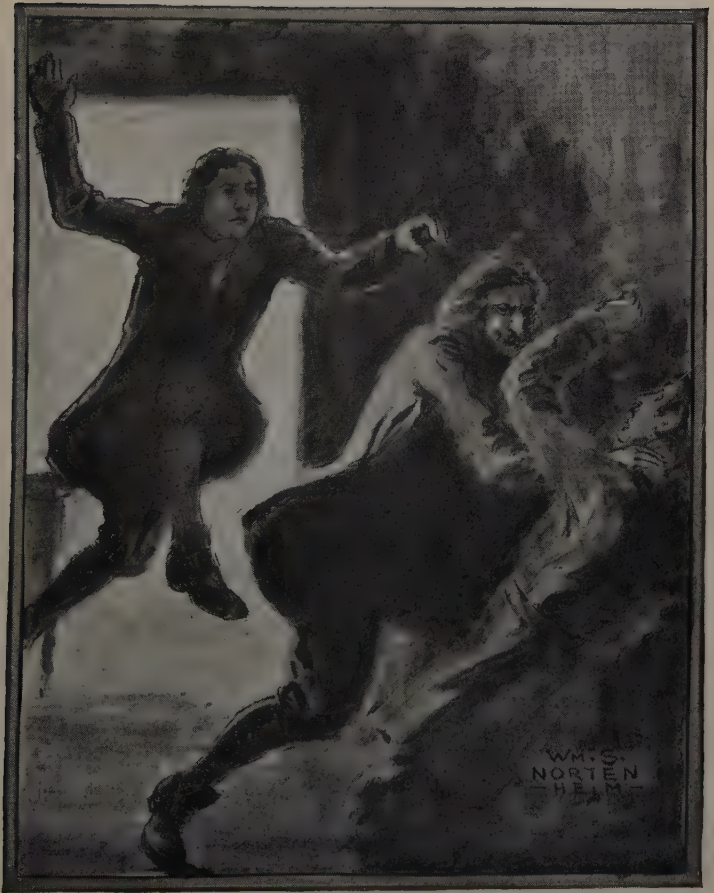
A GREAT VICTORY

Promptly on time, Redfield appeared at the lodging place of Harold and the Wesleys. John at first objected strenuously to attending the meeting. His despondent mood was so pronounced that he seemed to have no desire to leave his room.

"It will do me no good to attend the service," he said. "I need to get alone with God. I want to seek assurance of salvation."

"That is just the way this meeting will help you," said Redfield. "We are studying about these very things. The writings of Luther which we are studying have made so many things clear to me that I did not understand before. If they can help a poor, ignorant man like me why shouldn't they help an educated man like you a great deal more? You should be able to appreciate and understand them much better than I can."

"Yes," said Harold, "you remember, no



HE LANDED UPON THE BACK OF THE SPY

doubt, that Luther had a long, hard experience before he secured that assurance of salvation which he sought, and surely he can help you."

After much urging and persuasion Wesley finally agreed to accompany Harold and Redfield to the service. Even after they were on the way he was ready to turn back. The nearer they came to the place of meeting the more earnestly he insisted that it was useless. He maintained that it was almost blasphemous for him to attend a religious service in his present state of mind.

"How do you expect to overcome this state of mind," asked Harold, "except by coming together with people who will pray with you?"

It was a rather peculiar meeting to John Wesley. The service consisted principally of Scripture readings, followed by commentaries from the writings of Luther. On this particular evening the Epistle to the Romans was being studied. One person read passages from the epistle and then another read from Luther.

Harold, Redfield and Wesley entered

quietly and sat in the rear of the room. They listened attentively to the reading. After the Scripture had been read and the prayer offered a man arose and began reading from Luther's "Preface to the Epistle to the Romans." Wesley listened reverently, but apparently with little interest at first. But as the meaning of the words began to penetrate his consciousness his attention was riveted more closely. As the change which faith works in the life was described Wesley leaned forward with eager interest, drinking in every word.

At last the service came to a close. Then Wesley turned to Harold and Redfield and grasped each of them by the hand. "You have been my good angels tonight. Through you God brought me to this place, that I might find that for which I have been so long seeking. It is all clear to me now. Luther is right. It is simple faith that we all need. As I listened to that reading I felt my heart strangely warmed, and now I know that I believe and that I have the pardon of my sins. I shall never forget this day and hour, May 24, 1738, a quarter before

nine. I know now that I do trust Jesus Christ alone."

"I knew that if you would only listen to the Word of God as Luther explains it," exclaimed Redfield, "that you would see the light. He makes everything so clear."

"Did I not tell you that one who had passed through the experiences of Luther could point the way?"

"Yes, it is all clear enough now," said Wesley. "I only wonder that I did not see it sooner. I know you have explained it before, but some way I could not fully trust. I shall tell the members of our society all about it."

On the street Redfield left them and Harold and Wesley returned to their lodging place.

As the days passed Harold was anxious to return to America. He had executed the commission given him by Oglethorpe and there was no reason why he should remain longer in England. Upon inquiry he found it would be several weeks before a ship would be sailing for Savannah, and now he was at a loss how to employ his time in the interval.

His active disposition made it quite imperative that he have something to occupy his time.

A few days later as he was walking aimlessly along the street he met Redfield.

"I am so glad I have met you!" exclaimed Redfield. "I need some advice badly." He looked about and lowered his voice. "Come, let us walk down toward the river. I don't want anyone to overhear us."

"Why? Is it such a serious matter as that?"

"Yes, it really is a serious matter for me. You remember that I told you that when I came on board the ship at Savannah it was for the purpose of being a spy for the Spanish. Of course that is all over now, but I find that one's sins will follow him."

"Surely the government officers are not suspicious of you now, are they?"

"No, it is not that bad yet, but I do not know what will finally happen. Of course you know that war between England and Spain is almost inevitable, and today I discovered that I am not the only spy that the Spanish have sent to England. One came to

me this morning who thinks I am still working for them, with instructions as to what I am to do."

"Did you tell him that you are out of that business?"

"No, I did not dare to do that, and I do not know how I am to get out of the predicament in which I am placed. If I expose this spy to the government he will doubtless expose me, and I will scarcely be able to prove my loyalty now. I shall find myself in no end of trouble, I fear."

"Well, that does look rather serious, I must confess. But let me think a bit. Perhaps we can find a way out."

They walked in silence for a time as Harold revolved the problem in his mind. At last he spoke.

"I believe I have it. We will catch that spy without letting him know that you had anything to do with it. We will not let him know that you are not still working for the Spanish."

Then in low tones Harold outlined his plans. Redfield was to have the spy come to his lodging at an appointed time. Then

Harold, with some officers, would make a raid. After they had secured the Spaniard it would be very easy for Harold to allow Redfield to escape.

"In that way," continued Harold, "we will not only rid you of this unwelcome fellow, but we will also render a real service to our country."

The means of notifying Harold of the time when the scheme could be carried out having been arranged, they separated. Harold at once sought some government officers whose acquaintance he had made while engaged in his mission for Oglethorpe. They at once agreed to give their assistance in the plan which Harold outlined to them.

Day after day passed without any message from Redfield. Harold had seen nothing of him since the day he had told him of the Spanish spy. Finally he became uneasy concerning Redfield's safety and made inquiries for him at his lodging place. However, he was told that he had changed his lodgings some days previously. No one was able to give him information as to where he had gone. At this he became suspicious. He

feared that some pressure had been brought to bear upon the man to bring him back into the service of the Spanish.

It was while he was revolving these suspicious thoughts in his mind as he slowly walked back to his own lodging place that he was stopped by a small boy, who inquired if he were Harold Milman. On being assured that he was the person the boy thrust a note into his hand and quickly disappeared. He opened the note and read the hastily scrawled message:

Tonight between ten and midnight in the rooms above where the religious services are held. Do not fail. My life depends upon it. REDFIELD.

It did not take Harold long to comprehend the meaning. Redfield was not false after all, but it was evident that he was in imminent danger. Harold had learned to act quickly in an emergency. Without taking time to return to his lodging place he at once started in search of the officers with whom he had made the plans. At their lodging place he learned that they were on an errand in another part of the city. Imme-

diately Harold went in search of them. Arriving at the place where they had been engaged, he found that they had left just a few moments before. Without losing a moment, he went in pursuit of them. It was already growing late, and if he did not soon get in touch with them it would be too late to reach the place designated by Redfield. Harold walked rapidly. He was confident as to where the men whom he was seeking were bound. It was simply a question of being able to overtake them.

He was almost out of breath from his pursuit when he caught sight of the forms of the officers passing a street lamp. He filled his lungs with air and pressed forward at the utmost speed. At last he overtook them.

"Hello, greeted one of the men as he came up out of breath.

"I am glad I have caught you at last," panted Harold.

"Why? What is up now?"

"Tonight is the time for that enterprise of which I told you."

"We had begun to think that was all off."

"Not by any means. Read that," said

Harold, thrusting Redfield's note into his hand.

"Where is that meeting place?" he asked as he glanced over the note.

Harold gave the location.

"Well, we will have to hurry or we will be too late."

At once Harold and the two officers set out for the place which Redfield had indicated. It was approaching midnight when they reached the building. There had been an unusually lengthy meeting that night and some of the worshipers were just leaving the hall as they came up. There were no lights visible from the windows of the rooms above and Harold began to wonder if they would, after all, find their men still here. Quietly they mounted the stairway. All seemed dark and silent until at the farther end of the passage a faint line of light was seen under a door. Harold and the two officers cautiously approached. As they did so they heard voices within. The voices were low, but evidently a bitter dispute was going on. As Harold put his ear to the door he heard a strange voice say sharply: "We have given

you a week already and you haven't followed instructions."

"Yes, that is true," was the quiet reply in a voice that he recognized as Redfield's, "but you must remember that one needs to work carefully in these matters."

"There is no need of being so careful that you do not do anything. I'll give you some reason to be afraid if you do not get results pretty quickly. I guess you do not want someone to drop a hint to the officers that you are a Spanish spy."

Redfield's reply was too indistinct for Harold to understand, but it evidently angered the other, for there followed sounds of a struggle. Without waiting longer the three men hurled themselves against the door, which at once gave way. In the midst of the room was Redfield engaged in an unequal combat with a powerful antagonist. The crash of the door caused the men to pause. As the burly Spanish spy caught sight of the uniformed officers he made a dash to escape. The first officer was thrown aside by the desperate rush, but the second grappled with him. His onrush was so de-

terminated that the officer was forced out into the hallway, and in a moment the spy would have been free. Harold had first turned to Redfield to see if he had been seriously injured in the combat, but, seeing that the spy was about to make good his escape, wheeled about just as the two struggling men staggered out of the door. With a leap he landed upon the back of the spy and bore him to the floor. The first officer had now recovered and rushed into the conflict. The spy struggled desperately, but after a few minutes was securely bound.

After they had secured their prisoner the men looked about the room. A number of documents were found which gave conclusive proof of the character of the activities in which the fellow was engaged.

"Where is the other fellow?" asked one of the officers, looking about.

Redfield had completely disappeared.

"Well, I guess we have the principal one, anyway," said the other officer.

Harold made no comment on the disappearance of Redfield, but assured the officers that they had made an important capture.

It was almost morning when Harold reached his lodging place. For a time the exciting events through which he had passed kept him awake, but just as it was beginning to grow light he fell asleep. His physical weariness caused him to sleep soundly. He was aroused by Wesley calling him.

"Redfield wishes to see you."

Harold sat up in bed and discovered that it was near the middle of the forenoon.

"Redfield?" he asked dazedly. Then the events of the past night came to him like a flash. "Tell him to come right in." Harold hastily dressed and when Redfield came in closed the door carefully.

"Well, we carried that matter through in good shape!"

"Yes," replied Redfield; "you came just in time. I believe that fellow would have killed me. He began to suspect that I wasn't going to work for the Spanish any more."

"He'll not bother you now, I guess."

"I want to ask your advice again. I have some information that will be of importance to Oglethorpe. What shall I do about it?"

CHAPTER XII

HOME AGAIN

Harold looked Redfield steadily in the eye. "Are you willing to do whatever will be of the greatest service to Oglethorpe?"

Redfield returned the look with just as steady an eye. "I don't blame you to doubt my willingness to help Oglethorpe, but I assure you this is a different Redfield from the one who left Savannah a few weeks ago. I am ready to do anything I can to atone for what I have done in the past."

"No, Redfield, that isn't what I doubt, but are you really willing to go back to Savannah?"

"If that is what I ought to do I am ready to go."

"Then you go with me. I expect to go on the first ship that sails. You will be safer in Savannah than in London anyway. If I mistake not there are other Spanish spies here in London as well as the one we have

captured, and if they suspect you they will find some way to make trouble for you."

"Yes, you are right in that. Will you vouch for me if I offer my services to Oglethorpe? He has plenty of reason to be suspicious of me."

"Most assuredly."

"Then I will go with you and tell Oglethorpe just what the Spanish are planning. Unless he is prepared, they may be able to make considerable trouble for his colony."

At last the day arrived for the sailing of the ship for Savannah. Harold and Redfield were among the passengers. They soon discovered that the company was made up partly of colonists and partly of soldiers who had been enlisted for service under Oglethorpe during the coming war. Harold was not long in learning that the colonists intended to join the Salzburg settlement at Ebenezer. The news of the prosperity of the settlers under Boltzius had reached Europe and others were now anxious to join them.

The voyage was without special incident and the vessel made a remarkably quick trip.

Harold was delighted to view again the buildings of Savannah as the vessel sailed up the river. It had been but a short time since he had left America, but so much had happened in the meantime that it seemed almost like years since he had sailed for England.

Oglethorpe was at the landing to welcome the ship. He was somewhat surprised to see Harold and Redfield disembark together.

"Well, where did you find this fellow?" demanded Oglethorpe rather sternly.

"We will tell you all about it when you have time to listen to our story," replied Harold. "When may we confer with you?"

"Meet me at my residence in about two hours."

As Oglethorpe was busy with matters connected with the ship's landing, Harold and Redfield, after looking after their own belongings, took a walk along the streets of Savannah. Harold met a number of friends, but none of Redfield's old companions seemed to be in the colony. Among others, they met one of the Ebenezer set-

ters. Harold learned that his father, mother and sister were in their usual health, and that affairs in the settlement were taking their ordinary course.

At the appointed hour Harold and Redfield appeared at Oglethorpe's residence. The governor at first gave evidence of an intention of being stern with Redfield, for he had not forgotten the activities in which he had formerly been engaged.

Harold told the whole story, simply but vividly. Oglethorpe listened with reverent attention to the account of Redfield's conversion as Harold gave it and the part he had taken in helping John Wesley to reach his perfect assurance of salvation.

"Ah," broke in Oglethorpe as Harold finished the account of Wesley's experience, "that was certainly a good deed! Wesley is a good man, but he was so discontented with himself. That was the one thing that seemed to stand in the way of his success as a minister. Doubtless he will now do a great work, for he has remarkable ability. You say he seemed to see the light while listening to the reading of some of Luther's writings?"

"Yes," replied Harold; "that seemed to make Christian experience clear to him."

"Then that must explain the success of our Ebenezer settlement. Boltzius seems to depend a great deal upon Luther's teachings, and all of the colonists there seem such devoted Christian characters, and Ebenezer is the most prosperous settlement in the whole colony."

"Yes, that is quite true, I am sure."

Then Harold continued his account, telling of Redfield's experience with the spy. Oglethorpe listened breathlessly. As Harold finished he turned questioningly to Redfield, who at once proceeded to give what information he had concerning the plans of the Spanish.

"It all turns out just as I had suspected," said Oglethorpe. "It is well that I took steps to raise troops for just such an emergency. Now that we know just what the Spanish are planning we can act accordingly. Mr. Redfield," he continued, grasping him by the hand, "there is more manhood in you than I thought."

"There wouldn't have been any manhood

in me at all," replied Redfield, "had not young Milman here led me to Christ. Jesus can make men out of very poor material, and I certainly was poor material."

"Ah, how true it is that Jesus can make men out of poor material!" mused Oglethorpe. "We all need to appreciate that fact more fully."

Harold then gave an account of the mission he had performed for Oglethorpe. All that he had done met the governor's approval, who warmly commended him for his faithfulness and judgment.

During the following weeks Oglethorpe busied himself making preparations for the coming conflict with the Spanish. Redfield rendered most valuable assistance.

The colonists who were to join the Ebenezer settlement were placed under the supervision of Harold, who was to conduct them to their destination. He secured a number of boats and made the trip by water, and thus saved the hard labor of carrying their goods by land. Boltzius welcomed the new recruits for the settlement most heartily. He well knew the hardships which they had en-

dured and how grateful they would be for any kindness shown them.

* * * * *

Four years have passed since Harold Milman made his trip to England, which had been attended by such varied and remarkable experiences. He is now in strong and vigorous manhood. His sister, Agnes, has relieved her mother entirely of the burdens of the home. The farm, which had been cleared in the forest, supports them in what to the pioneers is luxury. The father now takes life in comparative ease.

The war which Oglethorpe had waged against the Spanish has now come to a close and tranquility rests upon the colony. In the war Redfield had proven of invaluable assistance to Oglethorpe and had won his warmest commendation and praise. He was now holding an important official position at Savannah, where he had become noted for his earnest and successful efforts to win men for Christ, and was one of the active members of the Lutheran Church.

* * * * *

The day's work had just come to a close,

and the Milman family were sitting in the shade of the veranda which Mr. Milman and Harold had recently built to the house, when Pastor Boltzius came up.

"Here is a letter for you, Harold," he said, "which has just come up from Savannah. It is from England."

"Ah," said Harold, "I wonder who can be writing to me from England?"

He broke the seal and glanced through it hastily.

"It is from John Wesley. Sit down, pastor, and I will read it. I am sure you will all be interested in hearing from our friend."

DEAR FRIEND HAROLD:

These are busy days for me, but I cannot help thinking of you sometimes. The past four years have meant much to me, and I am sure that I owe much of it to you and our common friend, Mr. Redfield. From that night when we attended that meeting together, where we heard "Luther's Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans" read, my religious experience has been deep and full. Never since that time have I had reason to doubt the love of God and His forgiveness of my sin. Ever since that night I have had the continual witness of the Spirit in my heart.

Since you left England I have been to the continent and visited Count Zinzendorf at Herrnhut. Ah, there is a great man for you! He is one who knows how to trust God. You should see the wonderful

work he is doing there. He speaks of coming to America sometime. If he does you should make it a point to meet him. He will do you good.

I, too, have undertaken work here in England, which, I believe, is especially favored of God. Sinners and churchmen who have not the Spirit of God in their hearts rave against it, but we are going right on. We have been organizing societies and preaching to great throngs of people. The Holy Spirit seems to fall upon them, and many are coming to know salvation.

The special thing which I wished to tell you in this letter is, that in the eyes of God you have had a part in this great work. It was through you that Mr. Redfield was brought to Christ. It was through you and him together that I was induced to attend that meeting on the evening of May 24, 1738, where I heard "Luther's Commentary" read, which made salvation clear to me. All that I have accomplished is due to the experience of that night. I owe to Luther the making clear the way of salvation, but I owe to you, more than anyone else, the hearing of those words of Luther.

I trust that you are still as active in bringing the knowledge of God's Word to others as you have been in the past. I am sure that Pastor Boltzius appreciates your help and assistance.

Give my kindest regards to Pastor Boltzius and to your father, mother and sister.

Sincerely, your friend,

JOHN WESLEY.

When Harold finished reading the letter the others remained silent for a moment.

"John Wesley is a good man," said Bolt-

zius finally, "but he has evidently changed greatly since he was here in America. I can scarcely imagine him doing the work which he describes. He was such a conservative high churchman when he was here."

"Yes, Wesley has certainly changed," answered Harold, "and the change is due, as he says, to the influence of Luther. It took Luther's clear spiritual reasoning to lead him into the light."

"Yes, I remember Wesley well," said Mrs. Milman, "when he came to see us just before we came to America. He was most assuredly a good man, but some of his views were quite peculiar. I am certainly glad that he has been led into a deeper Christian experience."

"Wesley has good, sound common sense," said Boltzius, "when once he sees the truth he can be relied upon to keep steady; but I fear that many of his followers will be led into fanatical extravagances. Emotional people are inclined to go to extremes and get beyond the bounds of reason unless there is a strong hand to restrain them. Luther had just that trouble with some from Zwickau,

who even went so far as to claim for themselves prophetic powers, and were led into wild extravagances. It was only the strong common sense of Luther that saved the Reformation at that time from destruction by its over-zealous friends."

"I trust that Wesley will show the same strength and common sense that Luther did," said Harold. "England certainly needs to be stirred in spiritual things, and Wesley seems well started on a course that will result in such a stirring if the movement which he is leading can be saved from the fanaticism which you fear."

"Wesley is a strong man," said Boltzius, "but still I fear for the movement which he has started. But God I am sure will know how to make all things work together for good."

After some further conversation Boltzius took his departure. As darkness began to gather the lights began to shine from the dwellings of the village. Quiet restfulness seemed to brood over the settlement.

"What are you thinking of, wife?" said Mr. Milman after the little group on the

veranda had been silent for a time. "Why are you so silent this evening?"

"I was just thinking of ten years ago back in England. How cast down and discouraged we were at that time! We seemed to be wandering then, lost in a pathless wilderness. But God has certainly been good to us and brought us safely through all our difficulties. We surely should be grateful to Him for directing us to these shores. How happy we now are, and how bright seems to future!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Milman, "I, too, was thinking of that time. The wilderness before us was just as pathless as was this when we first came. As our strong arms have made paths in this wilderness so God has made paths in the wilderness of our misfortunes."

"Come, Agnes, let us take a stroll," said Harold.

As the brother and sister strolled out under the twinkling stars they, too, talked of the past, but their youthful spirits turned their vision more toward the future.

"Agnes," said Harold, "I believe the Lord wants me to be a minister. There are paths

in the wilderness of sin for me to clear, and I feel that He is calling me to that task. I have been talking to Pastor Boltzius about it, and he is willing to help me in my studies."

"Harold, I should be very proud to have a brother in that high calling," replied the girl.

2000

BX8042.G4S7

Sparks-Paths in the
Wilderness.

DATE

SEP 7 1936

7261

ISSUED TO

NOV 27 1974

Trendel
Fischer

SEP 7 1936

(FAC)

Return this book on or before the last
date stamped below

BX8042
G4 S7

Library Bureau

Cat. no. 1174 -D

7261

